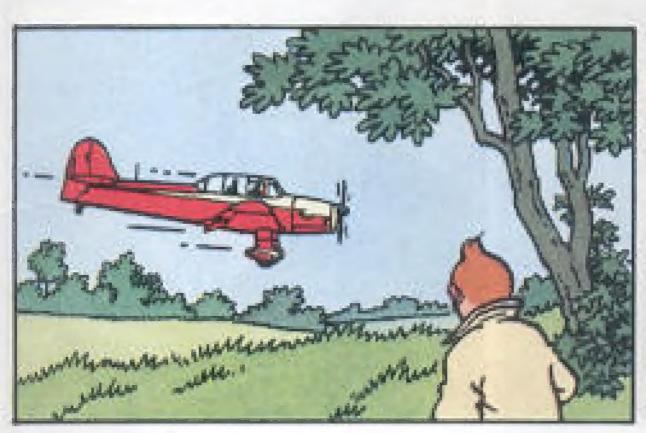


## THE BLACK ISLAND



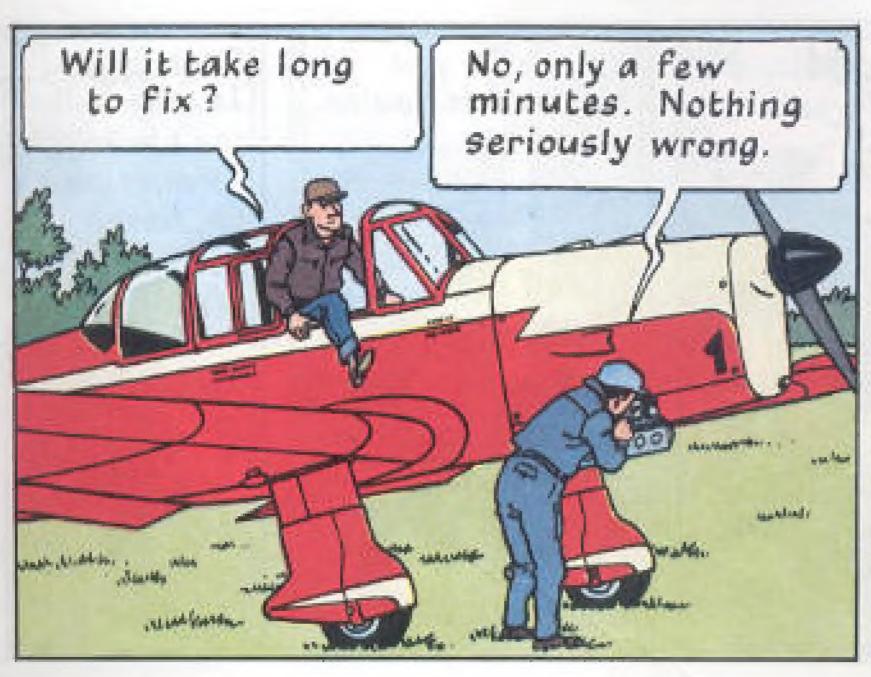










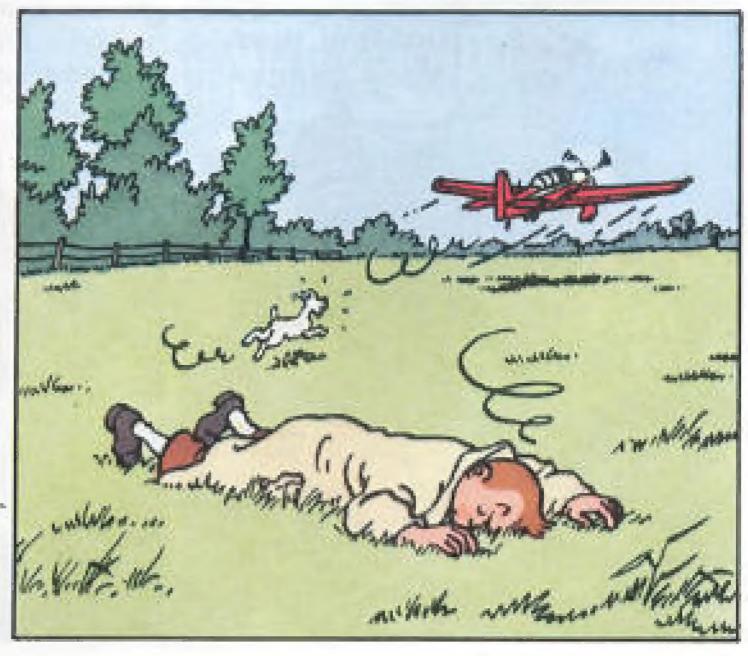








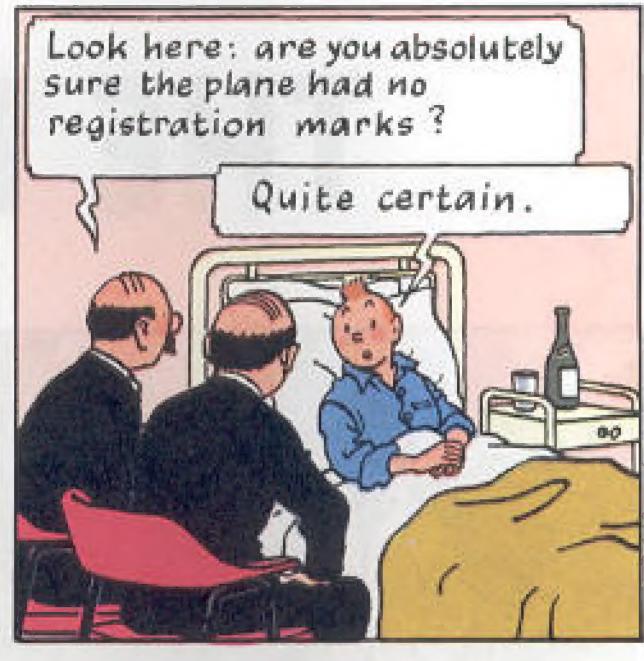


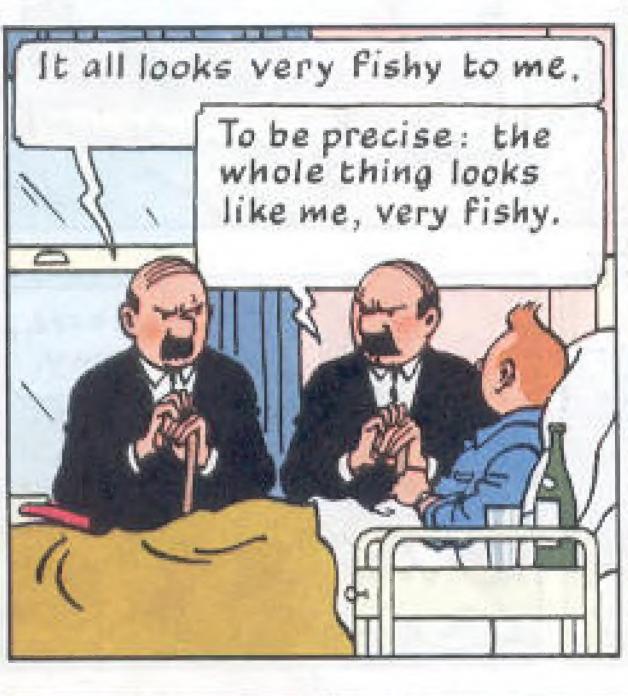










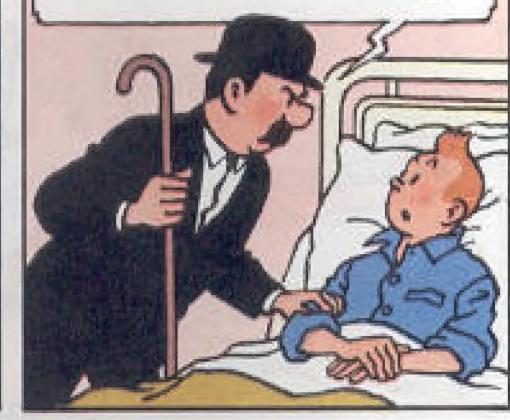




Hello?...Yes... Interpol?...Yes sir, Thompson, with a p, as in psychology... From Scotland Yard?...
Eastdown? Last night?...Yes sir, I understand. We'll leave at once.



We're going back to England. An unregistered plane crashed last night near a place called East-down, in Sussex. Goodbye.











Eastdown...
If only... It can't be helped, I simply must go. Never mind doctor's orders!





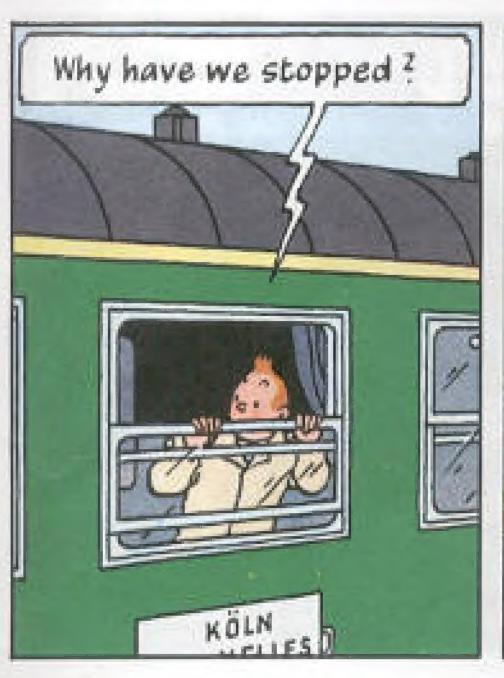




























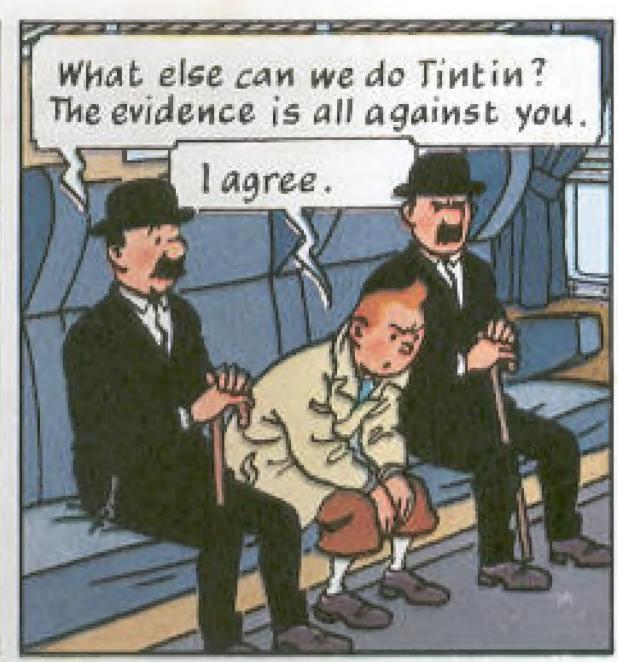
















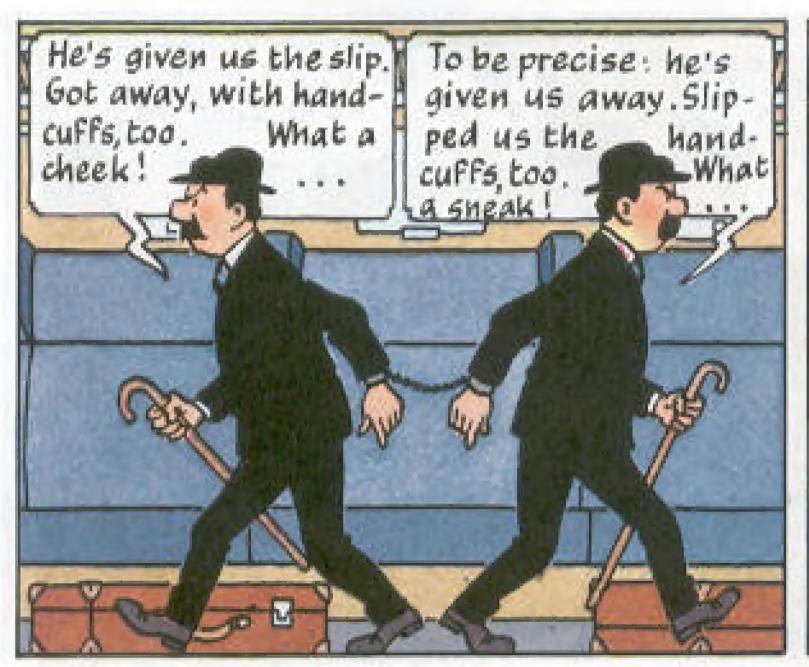














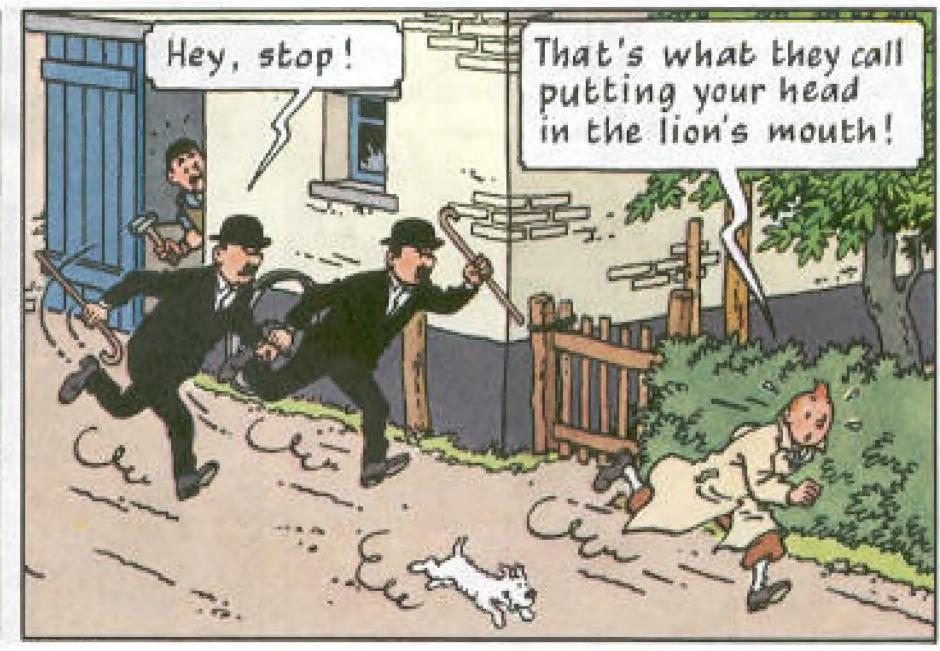




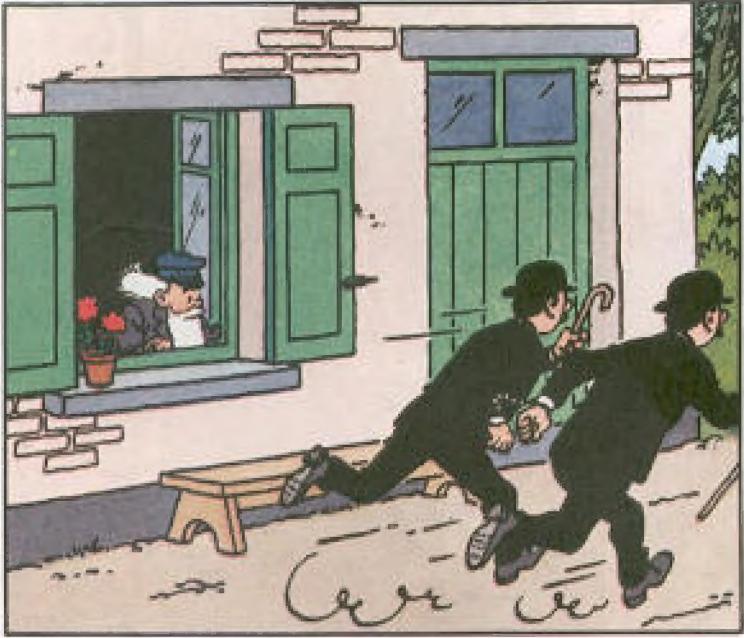
















Let me see. A young man, you say. That'd be him I saw, with a little white dog. Going like the wind, he was. Hid himself among those trees, over there.



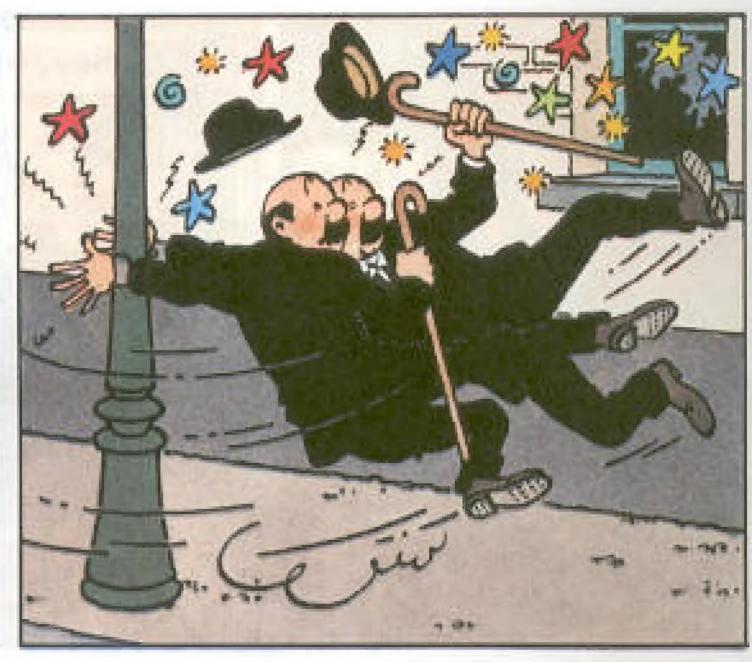




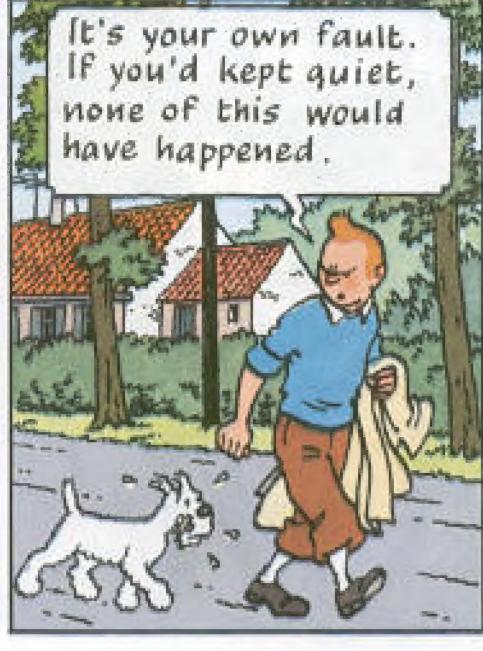


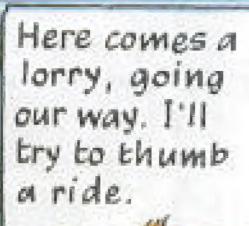






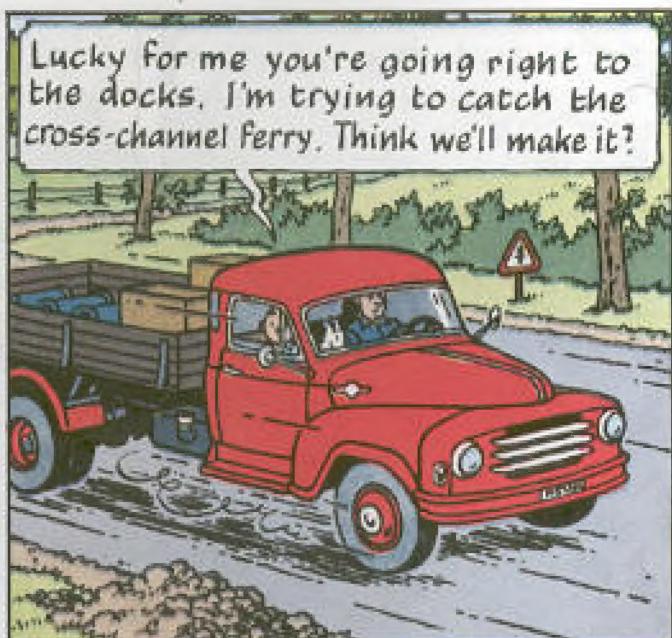












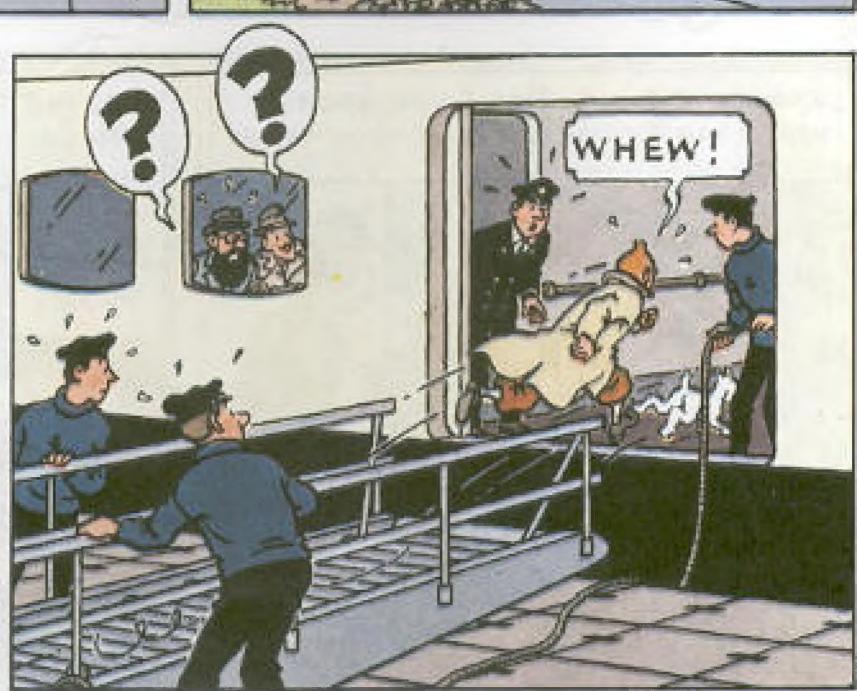


So, my friend, we are safely away. Our little plan was a good one, eh?

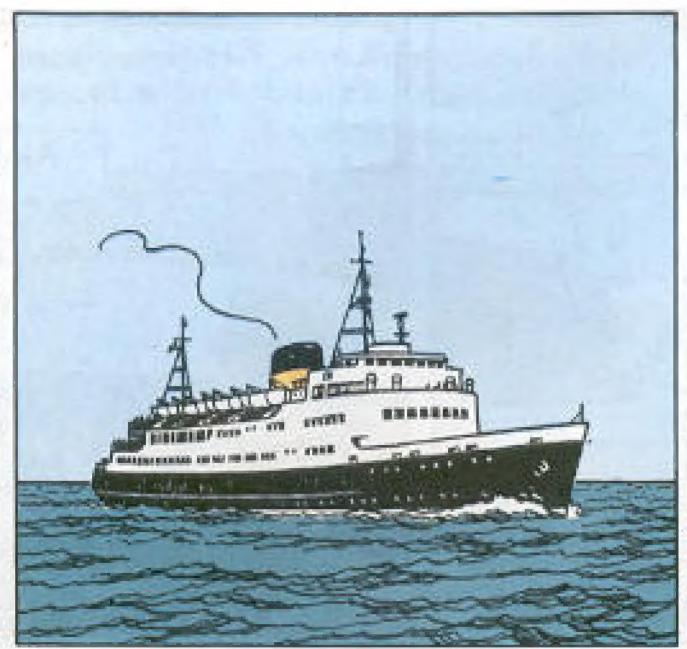
Not bad at all!
By the time Tintin











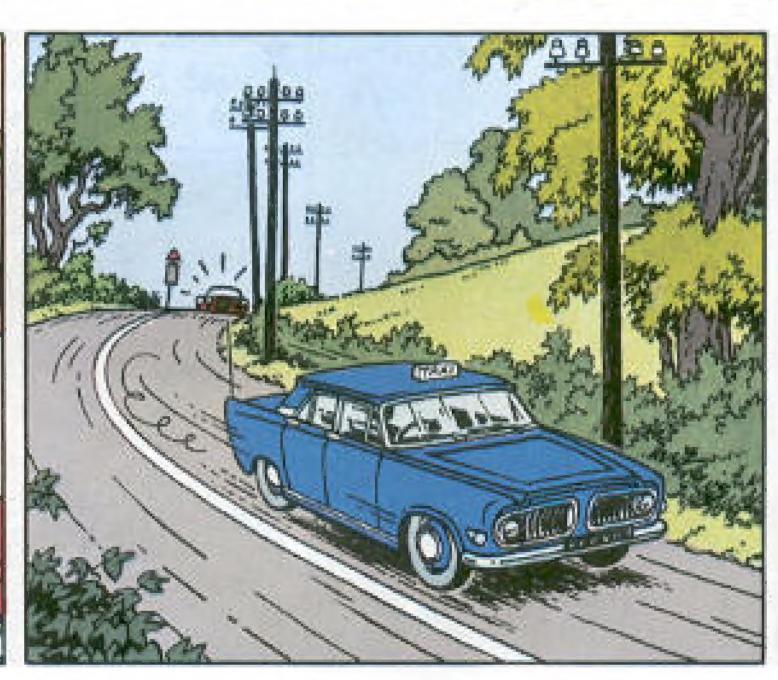
Let's see. We reach
Dover in an hour's time.
A train from there will
get me to Littlegate
at ten past five.
Then I'll take a taxi
to Eastdown from
Littlegate station.



















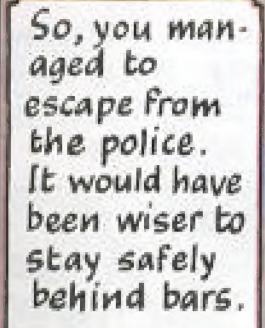














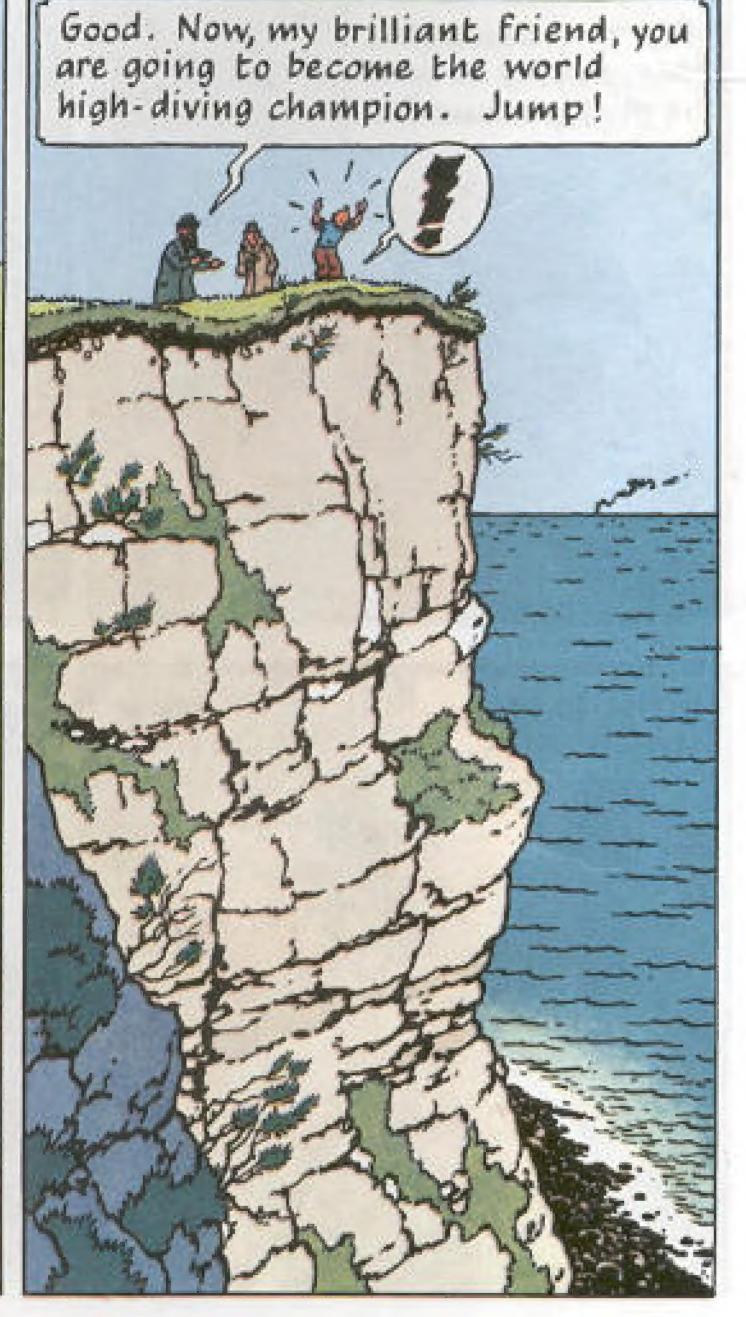






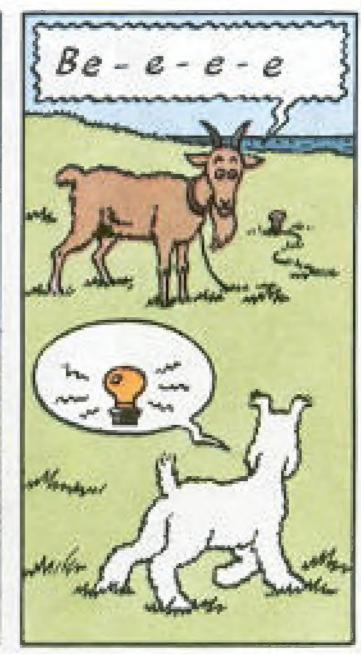








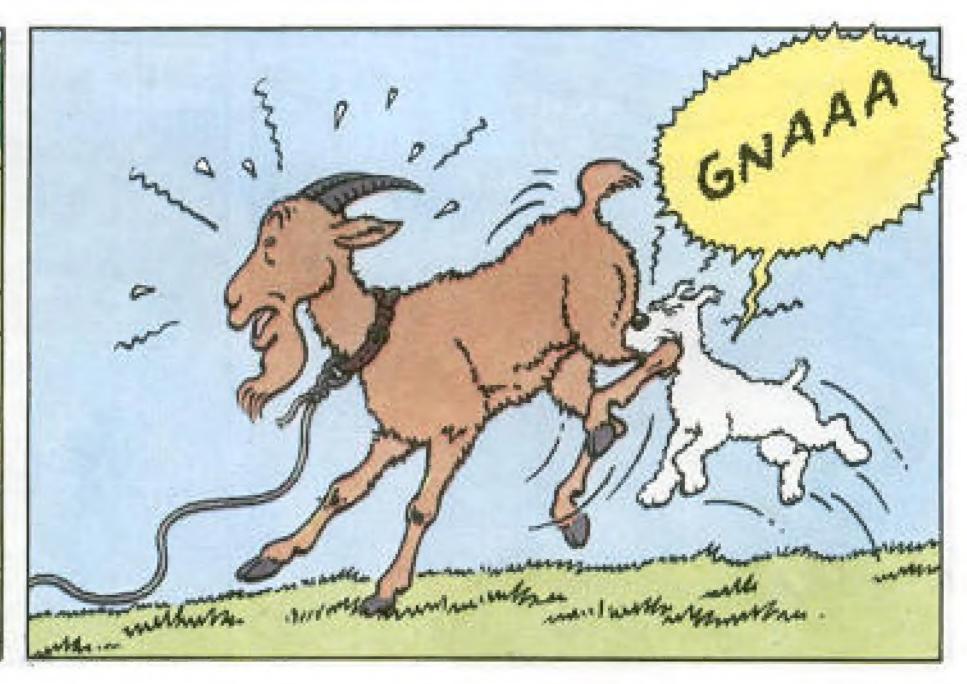
















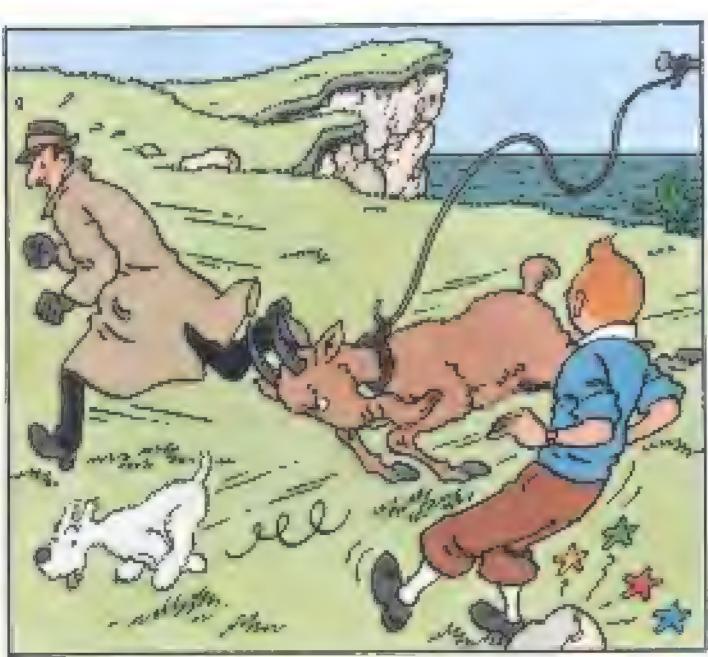


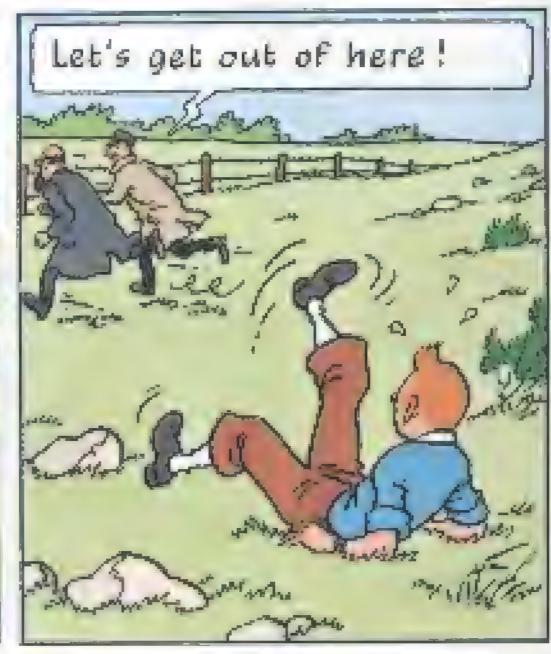




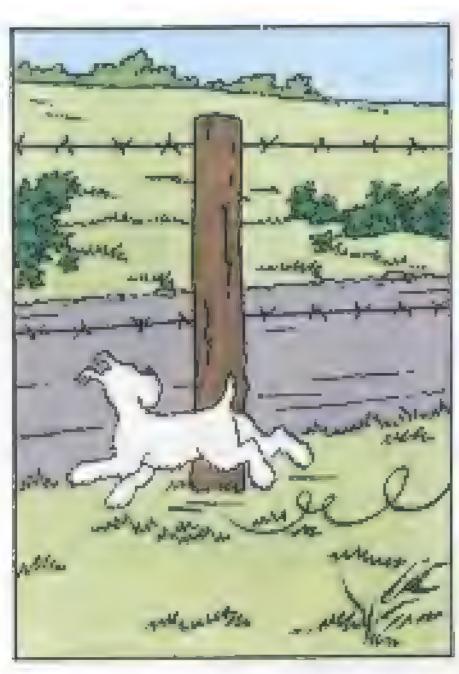


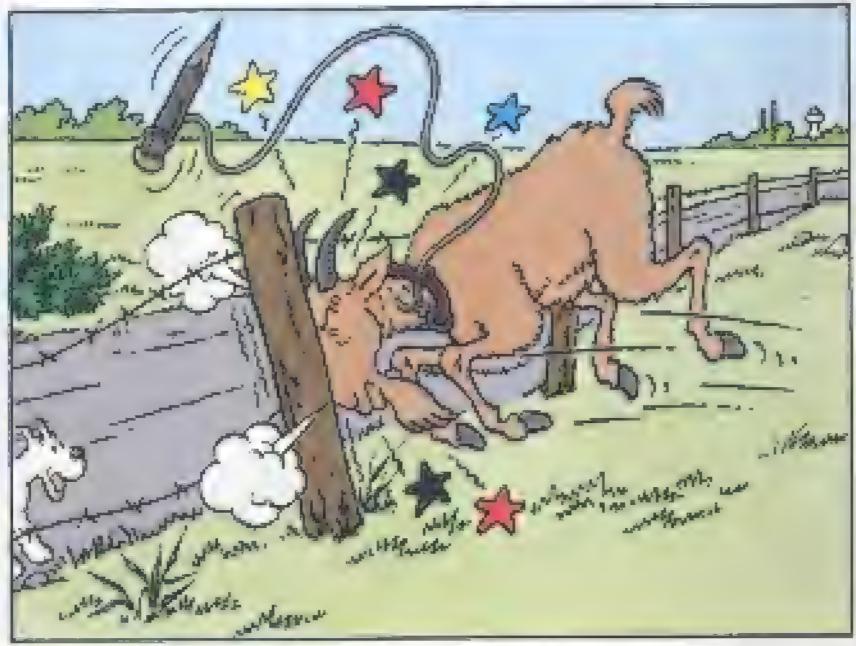


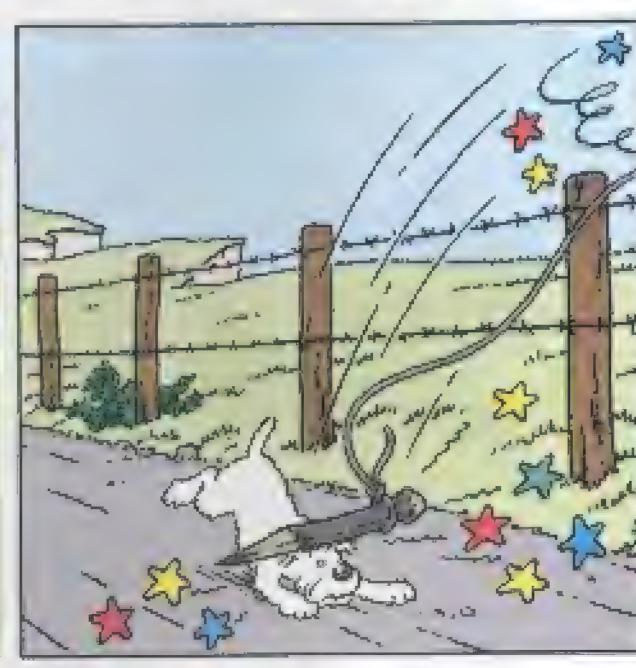


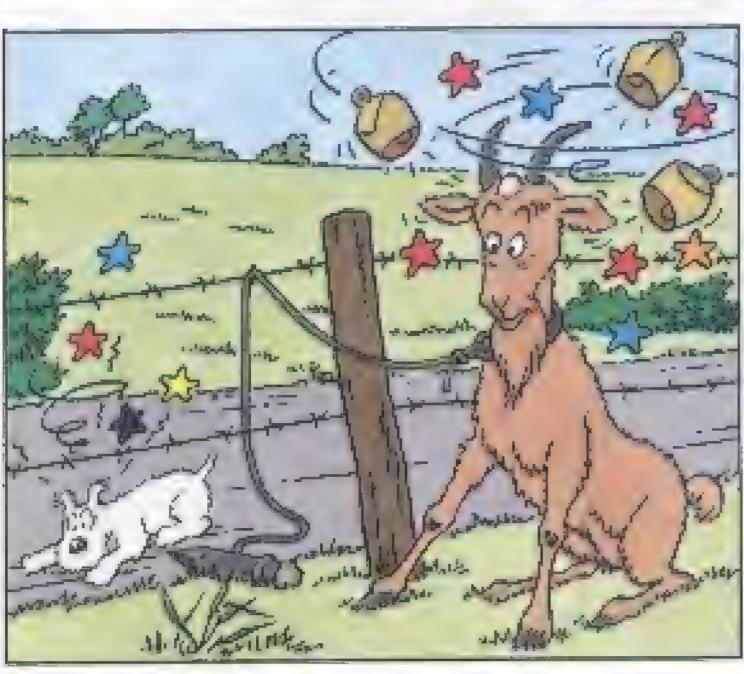










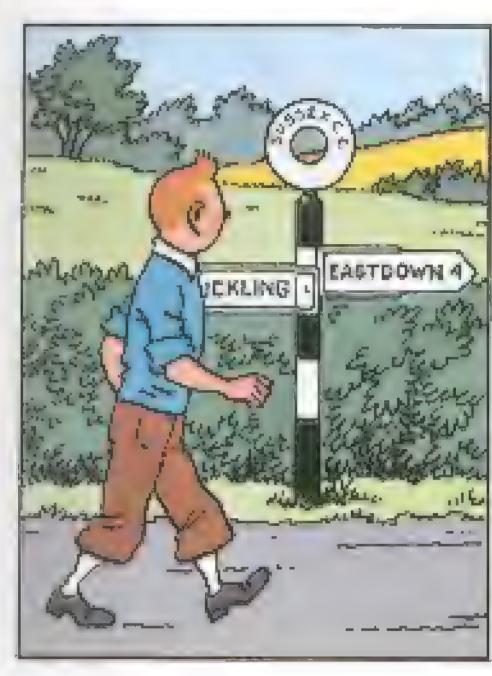




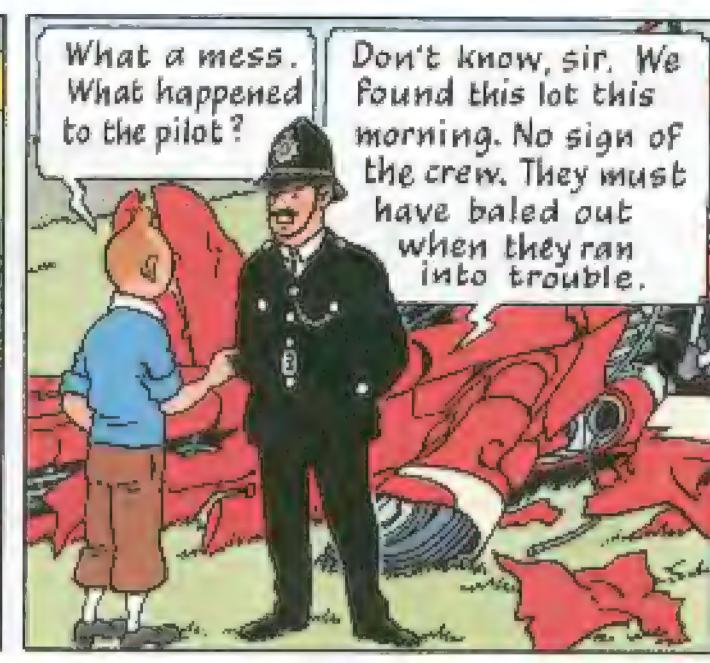




Hello...Ja... Doctor



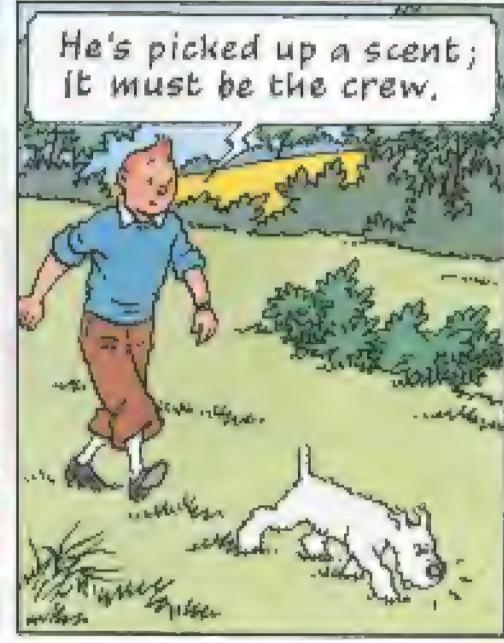


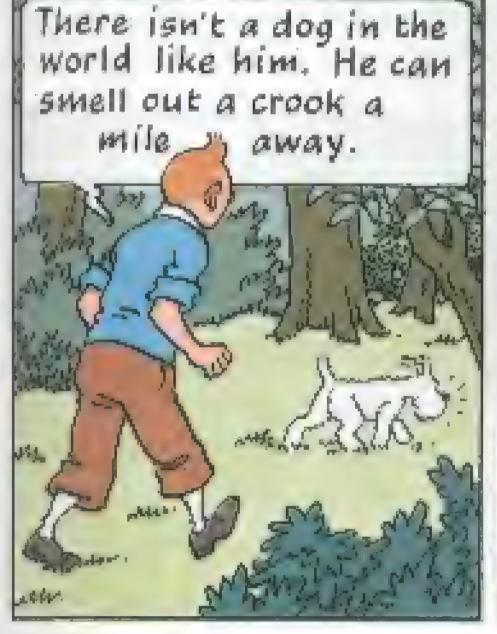


















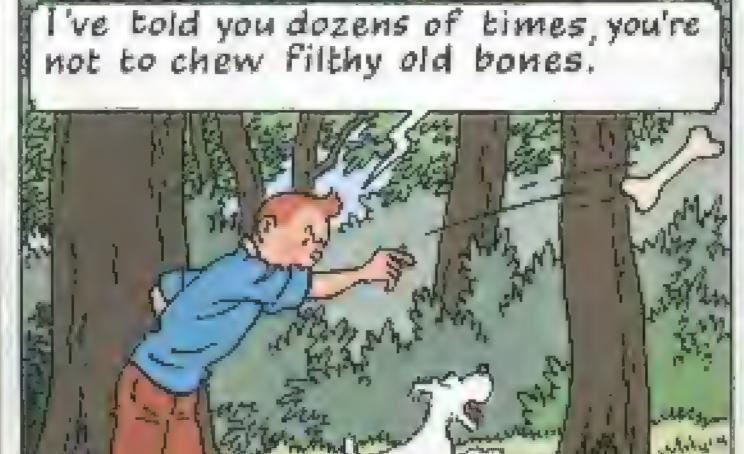






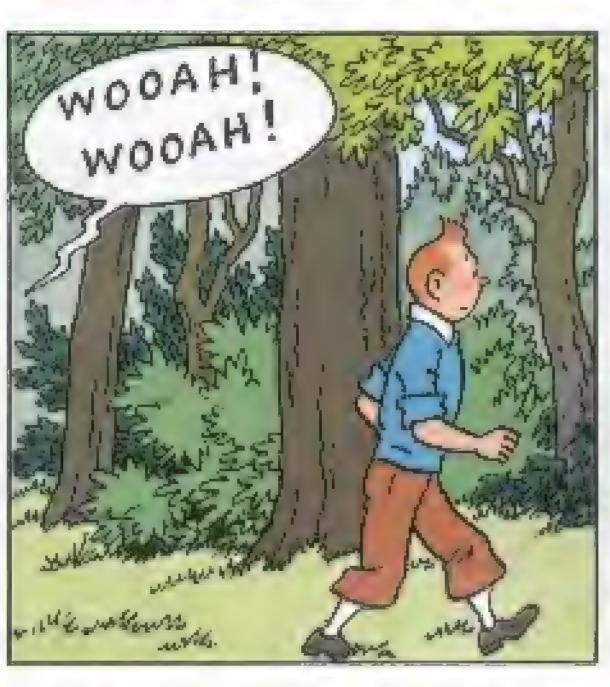
Aren't you ashamed, wasting our time bone-hunting. Here, give it to me.











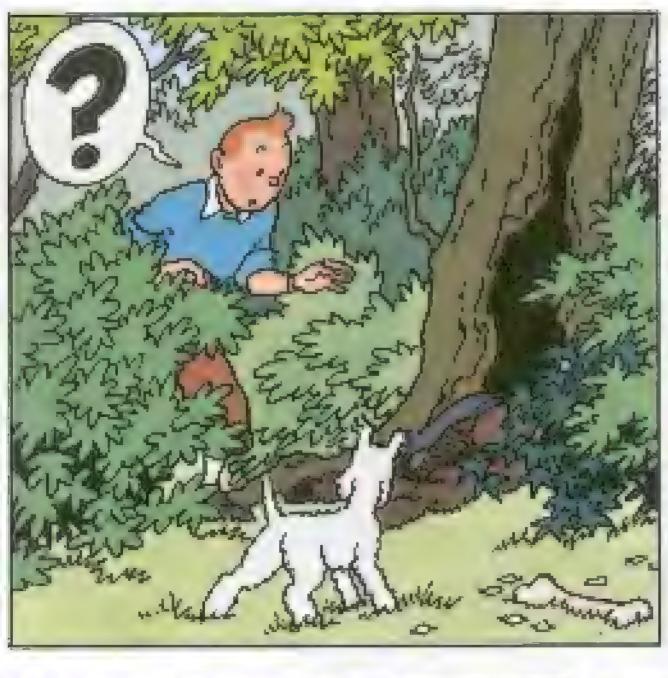


in the state of the same



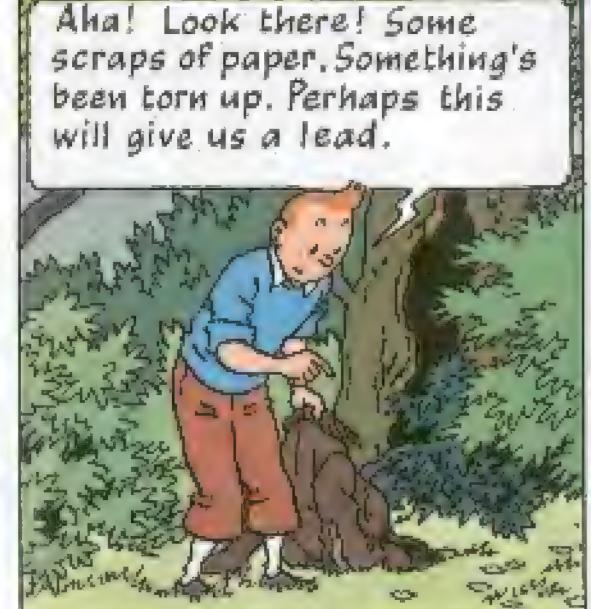
St. Sec.

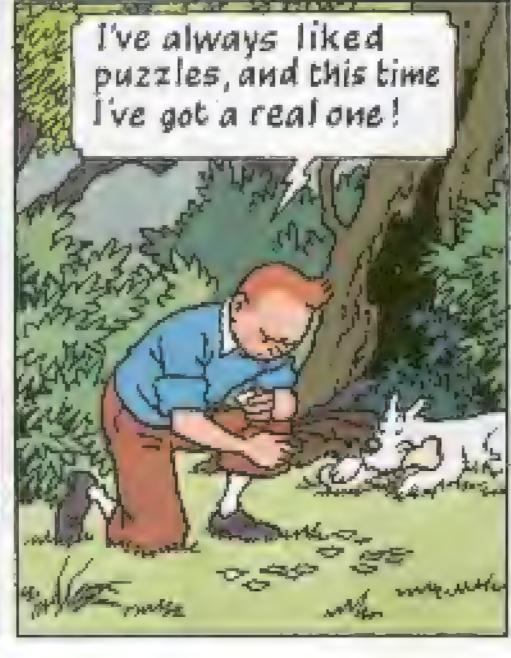


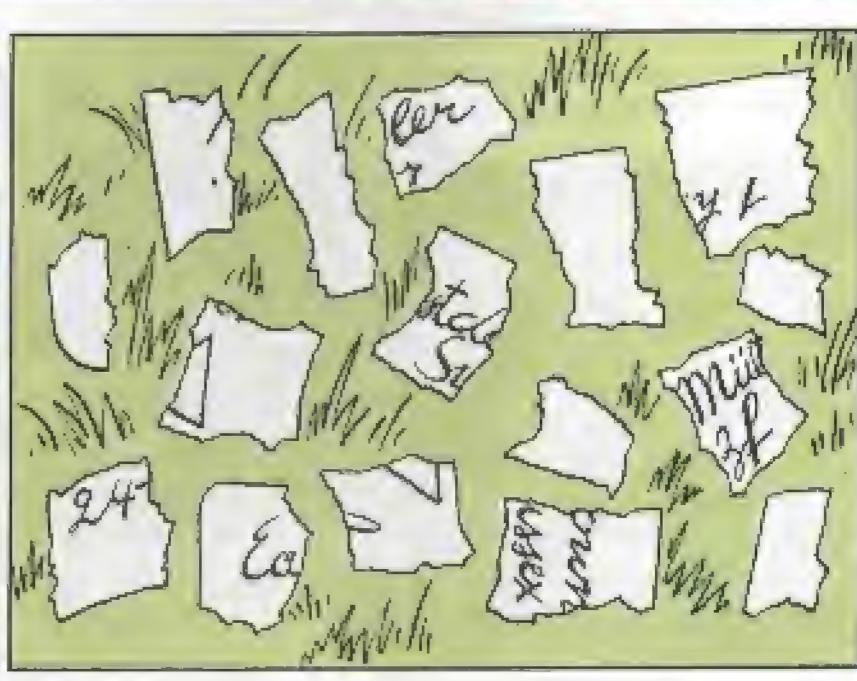




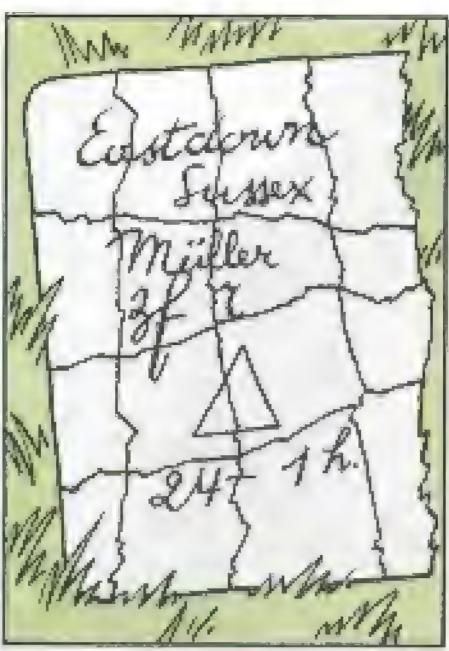






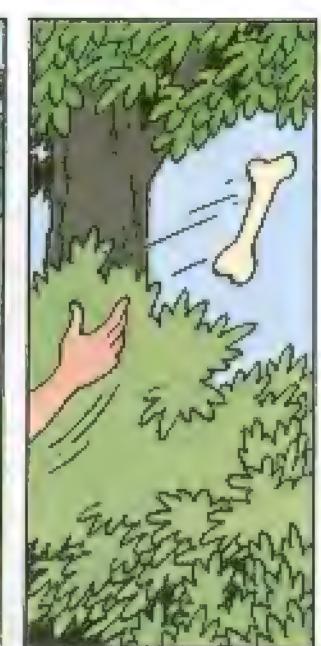


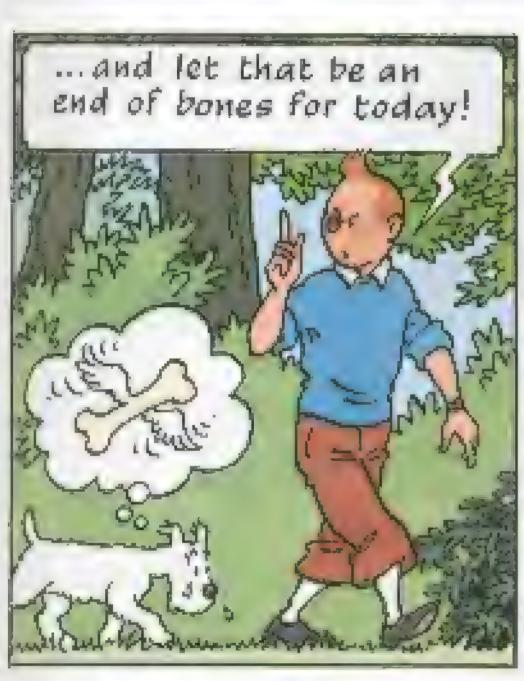




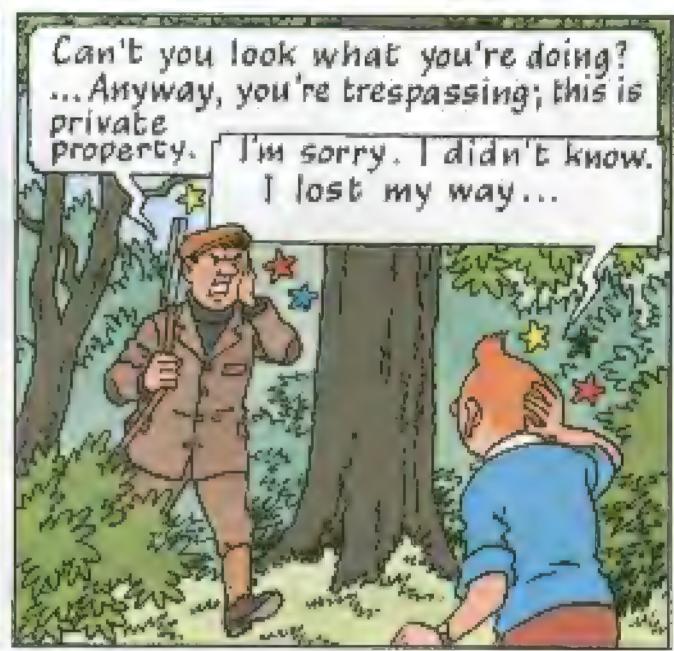


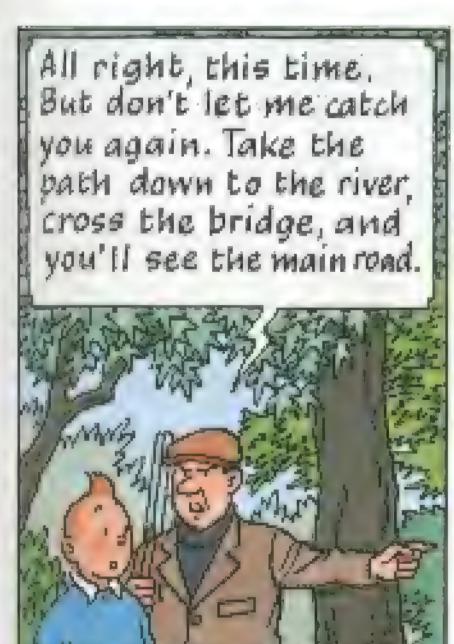








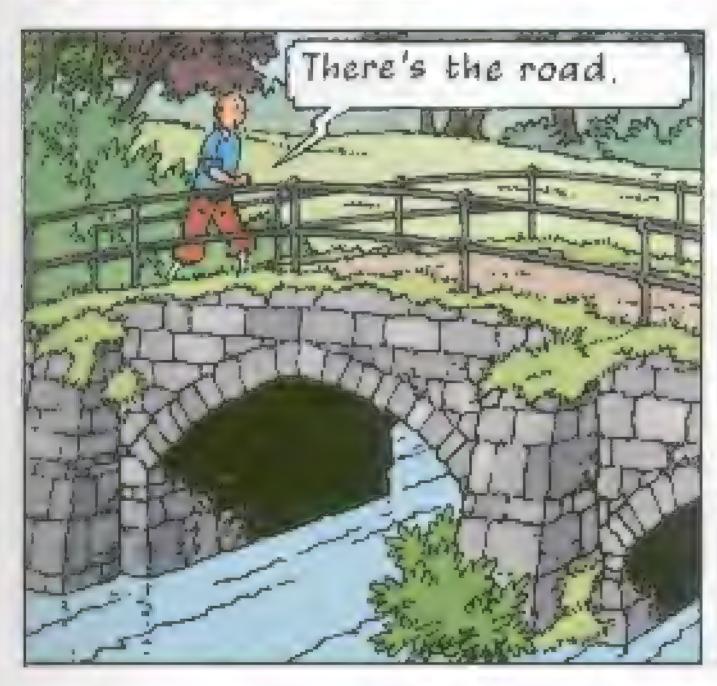






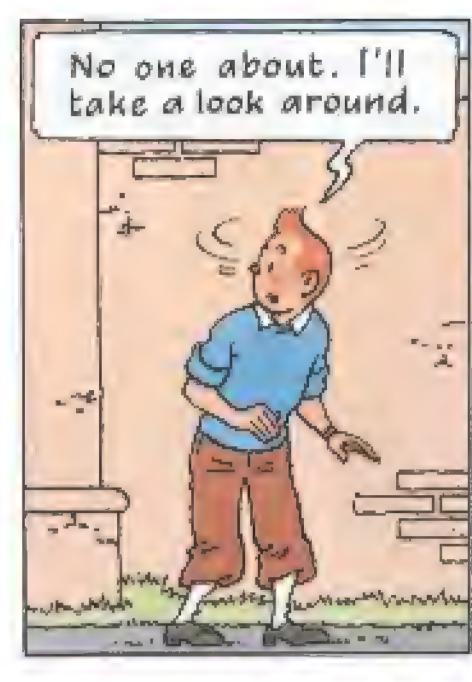


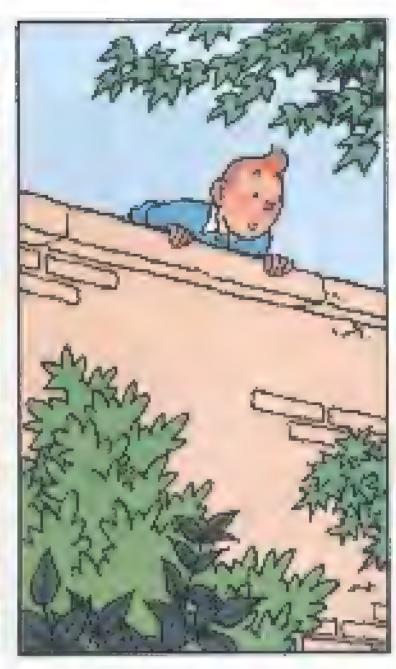


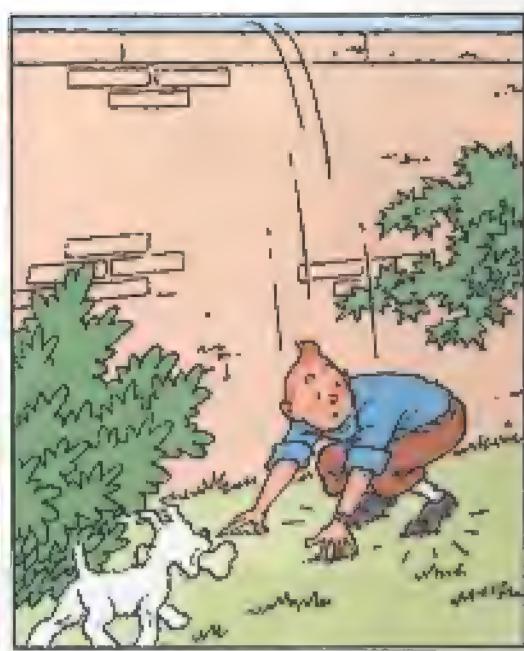


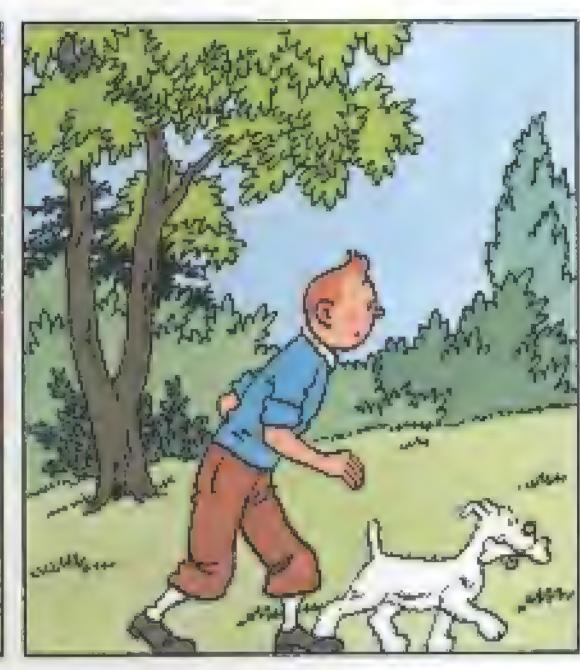






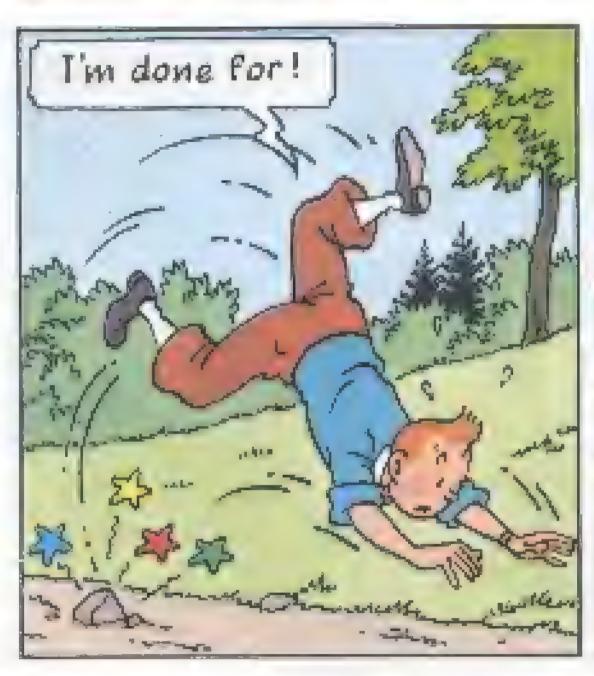














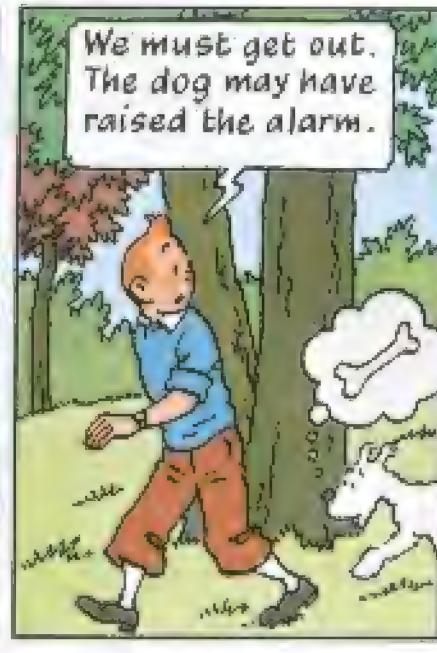


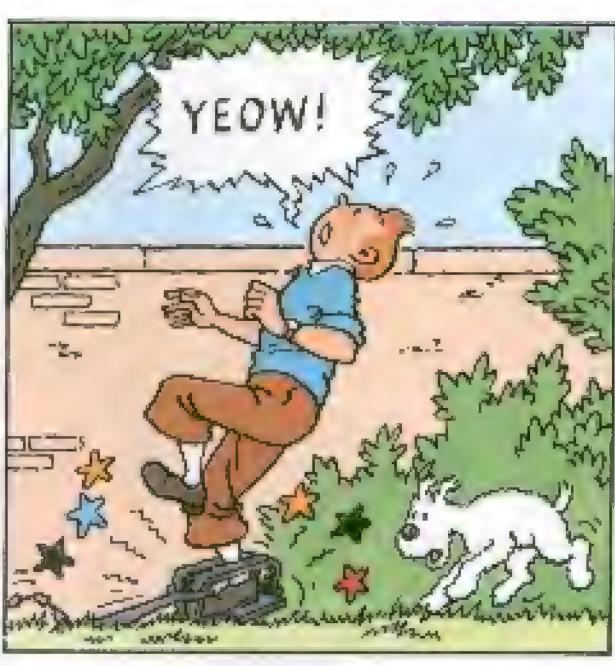


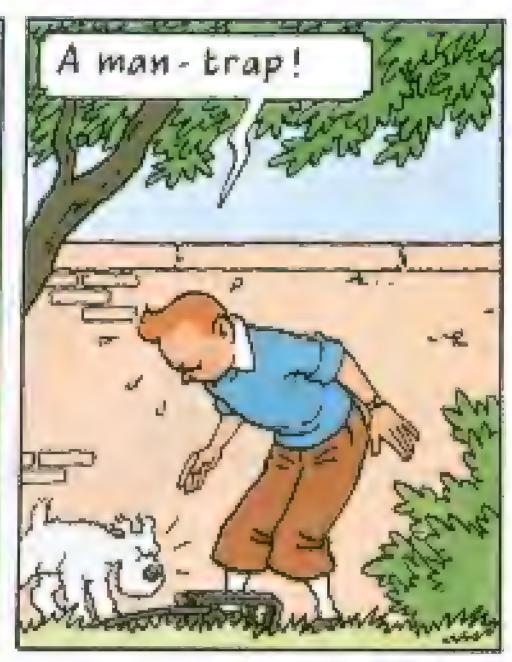


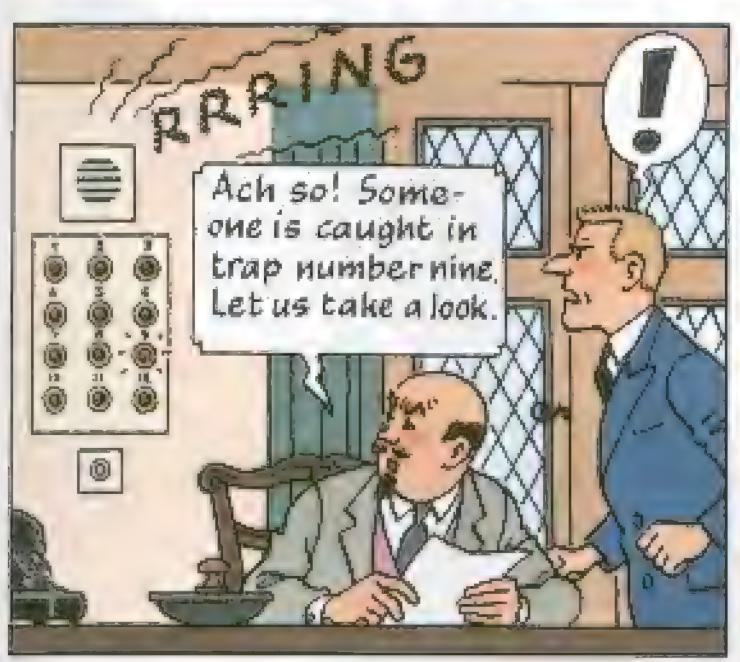


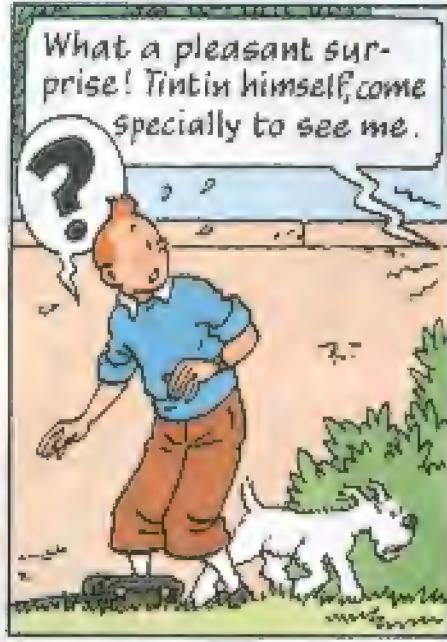


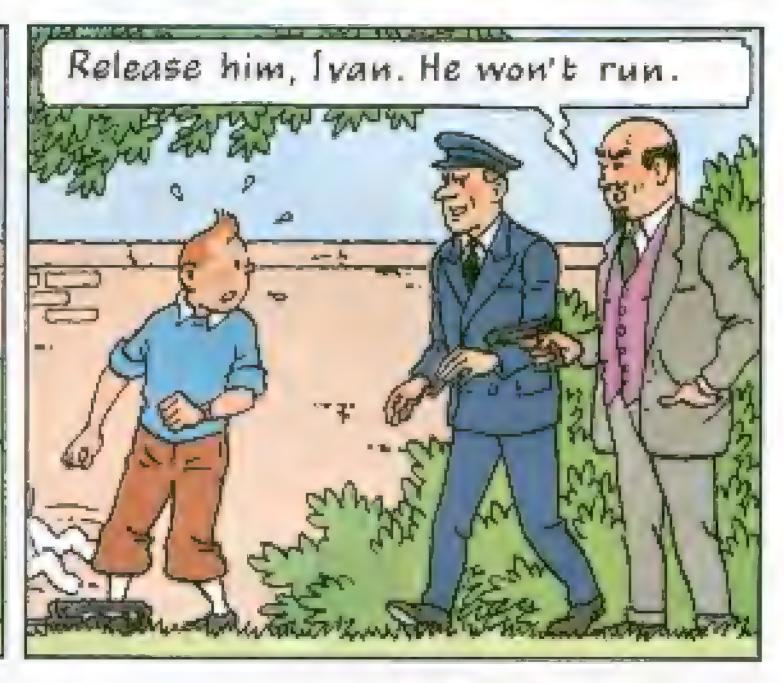


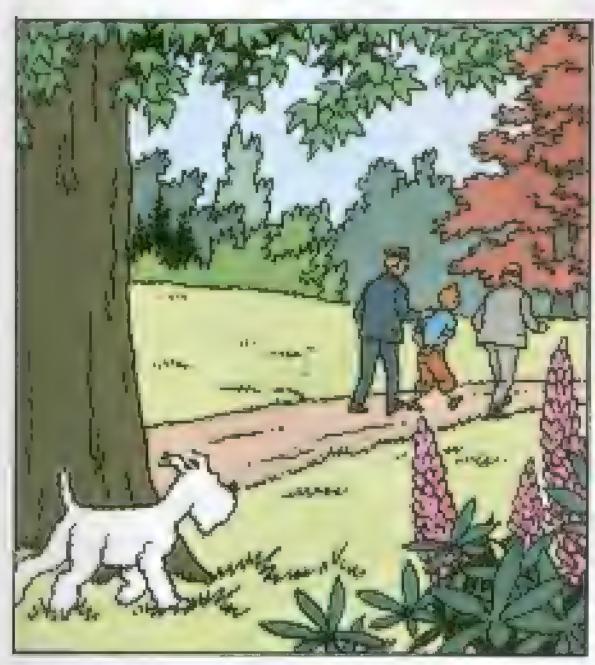


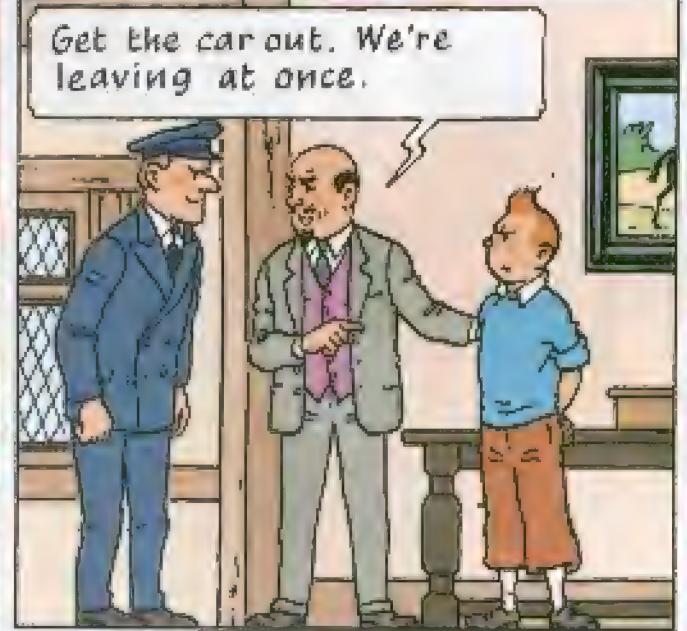


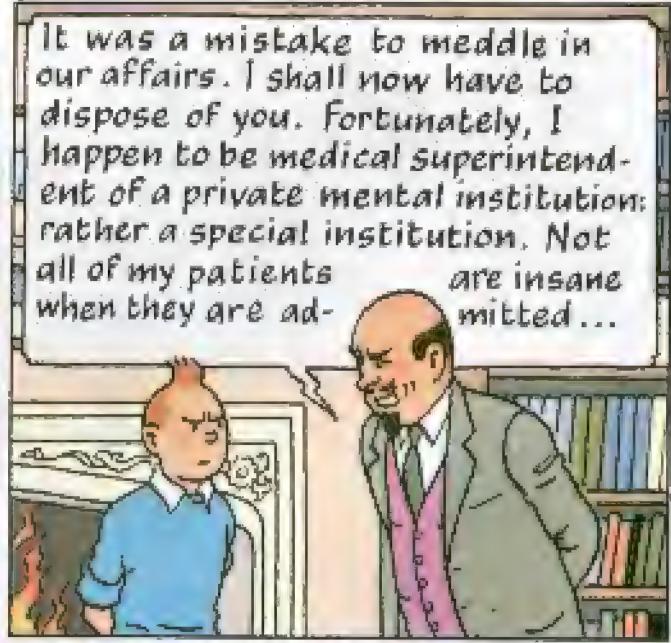


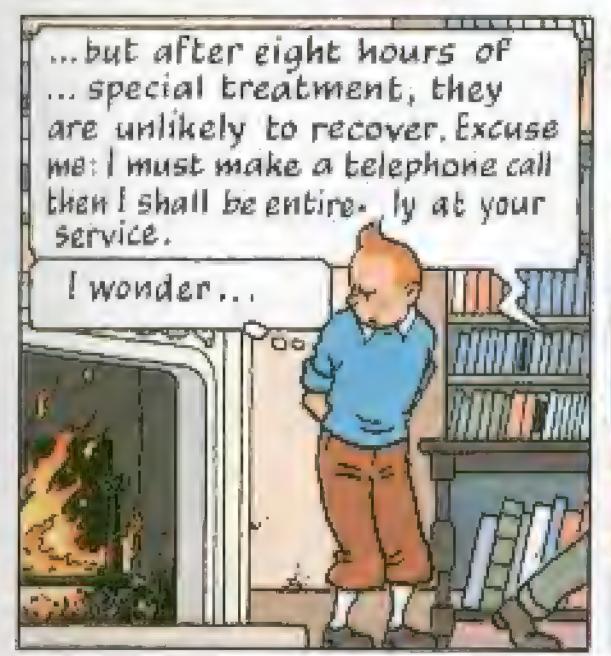




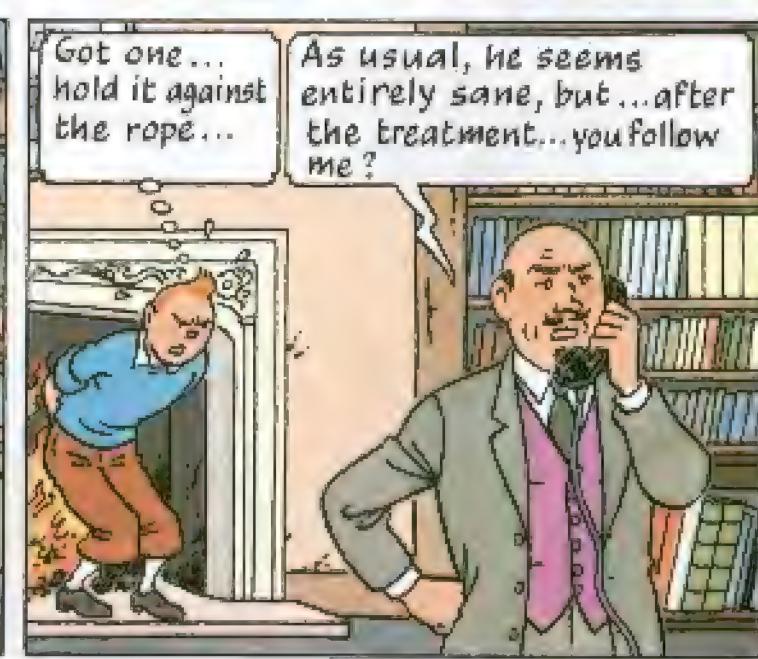
















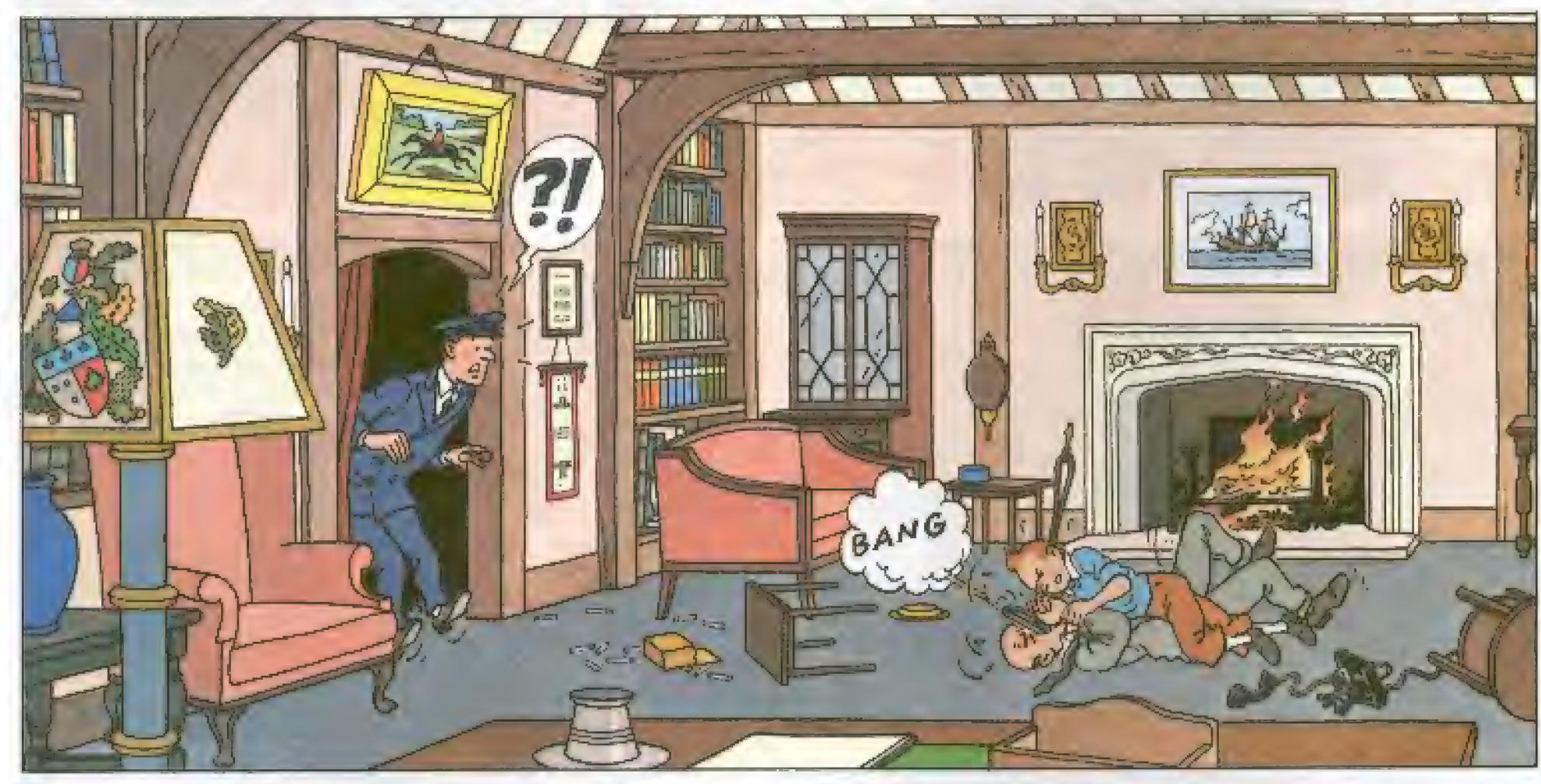










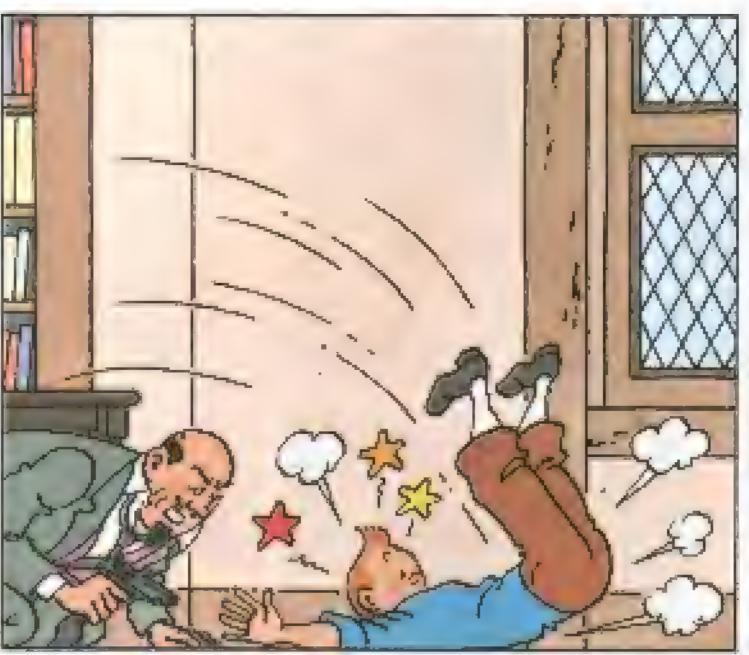








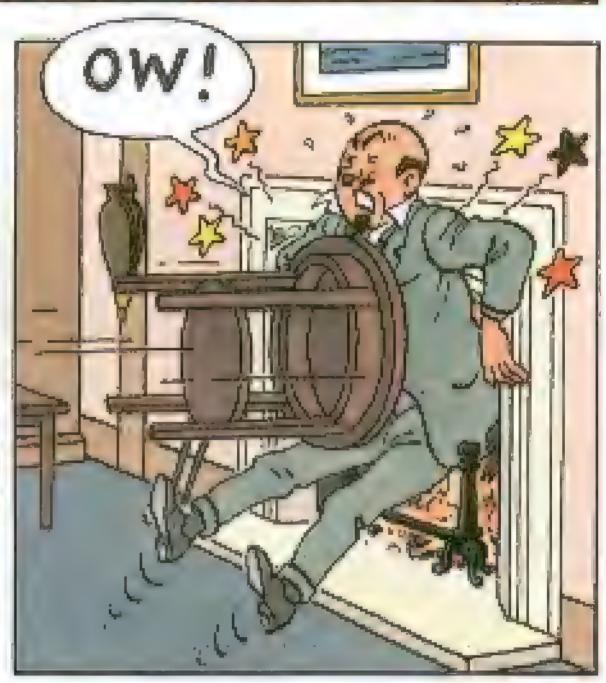
















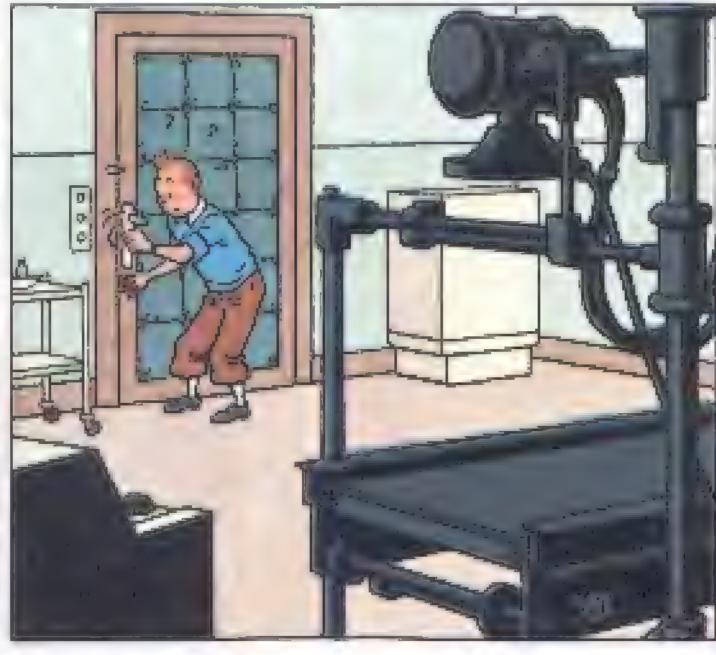


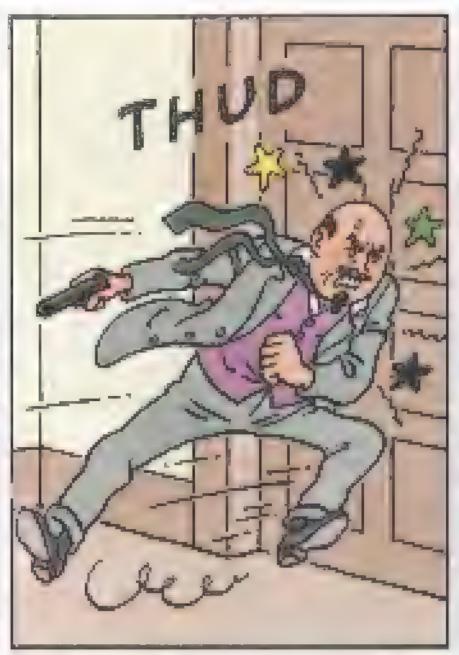






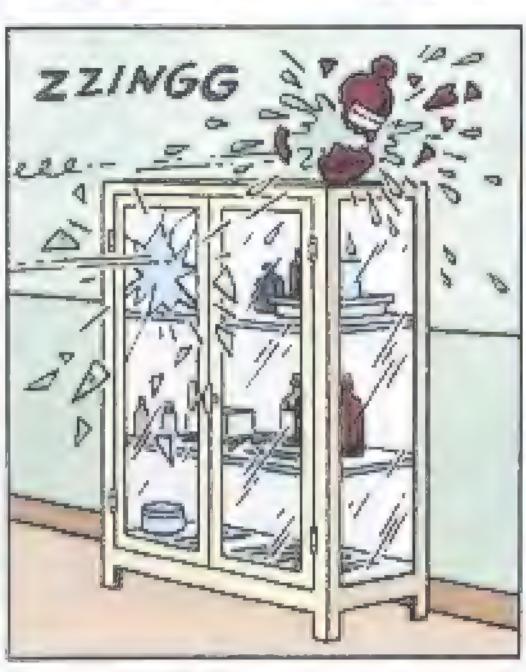










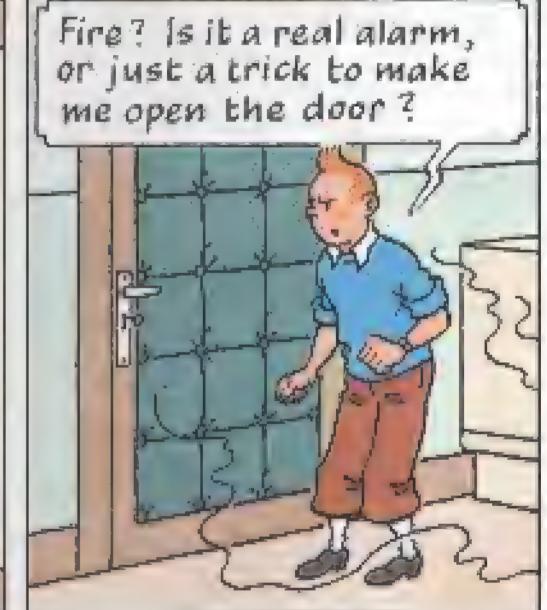


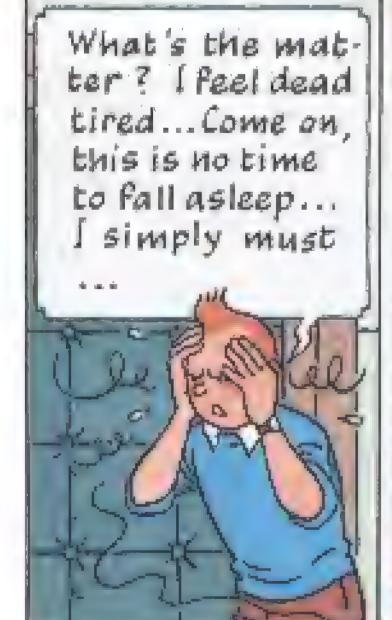






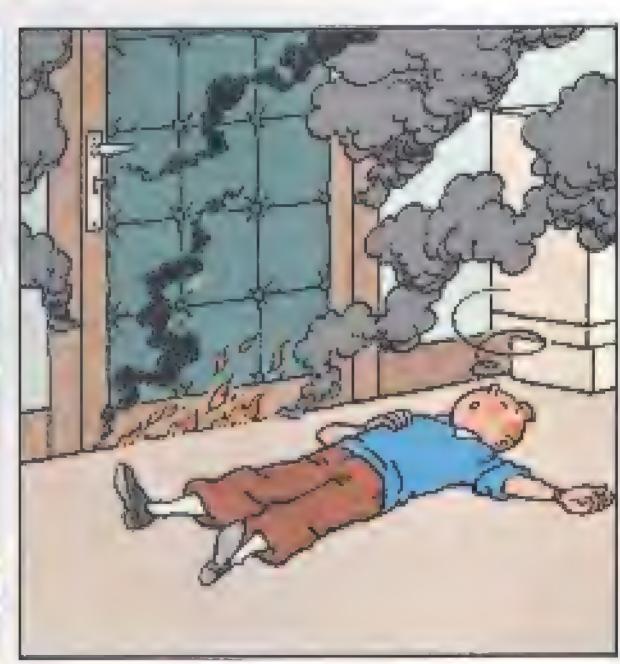


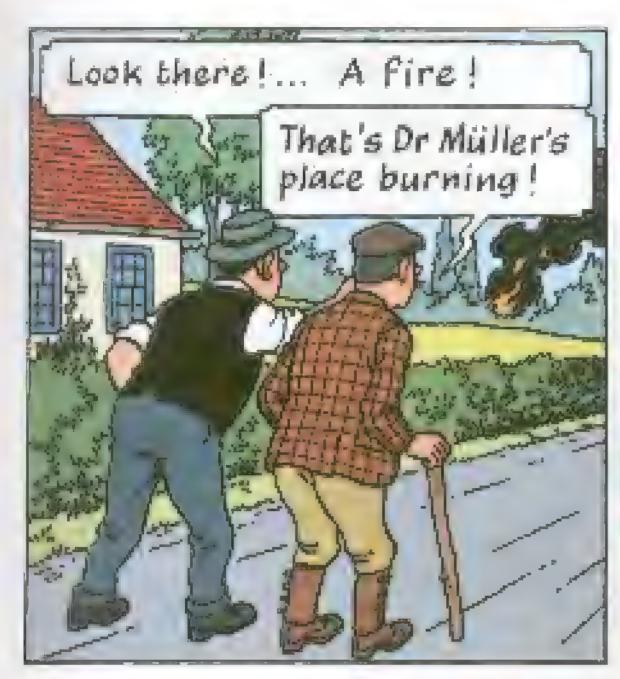




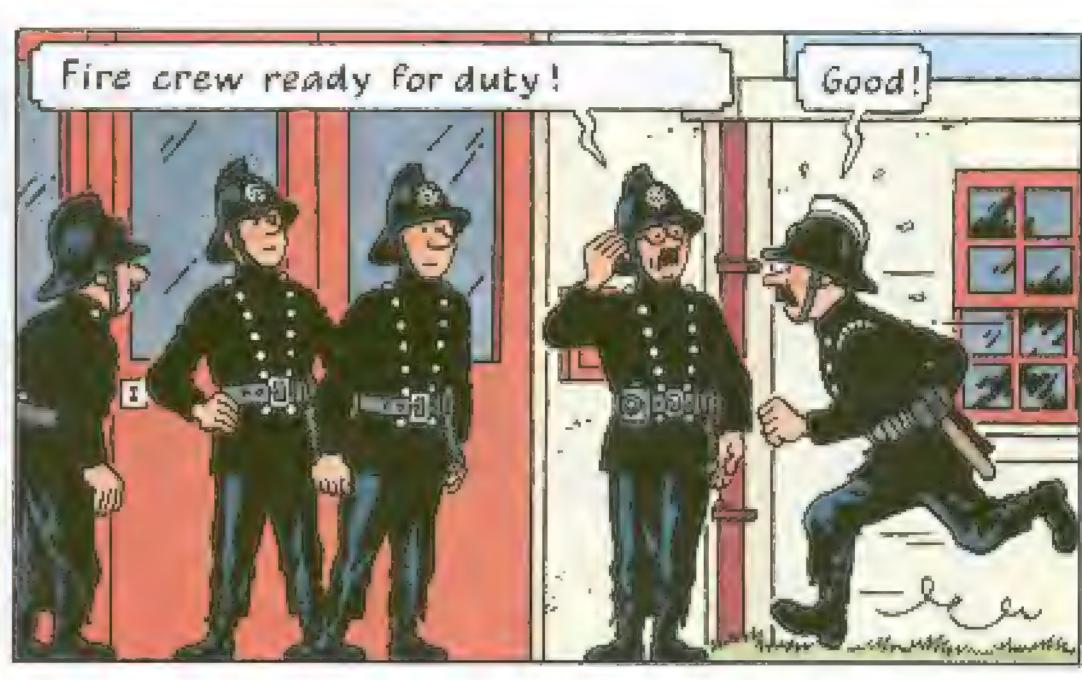










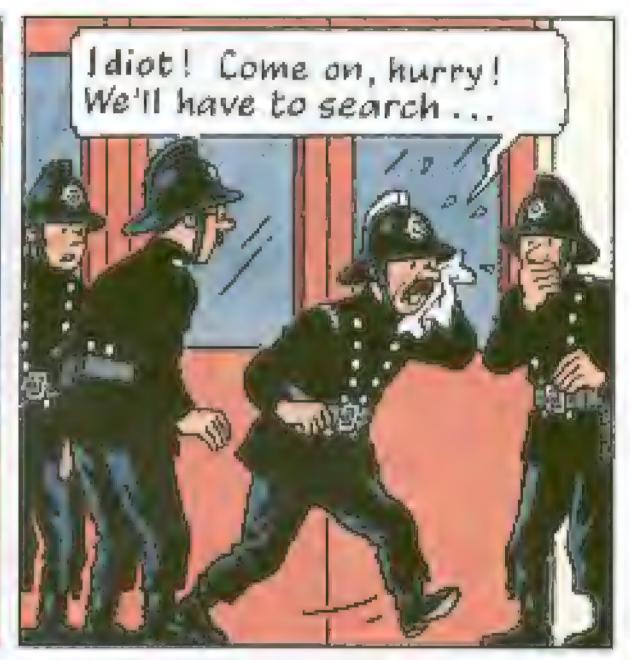








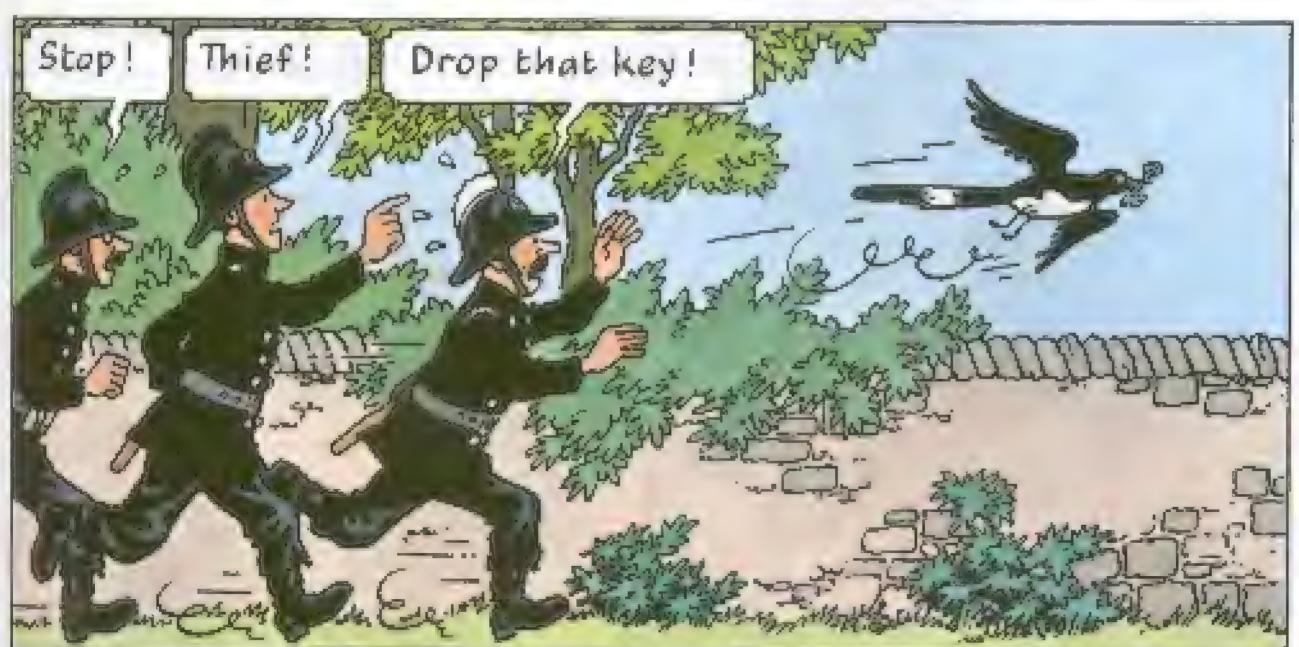






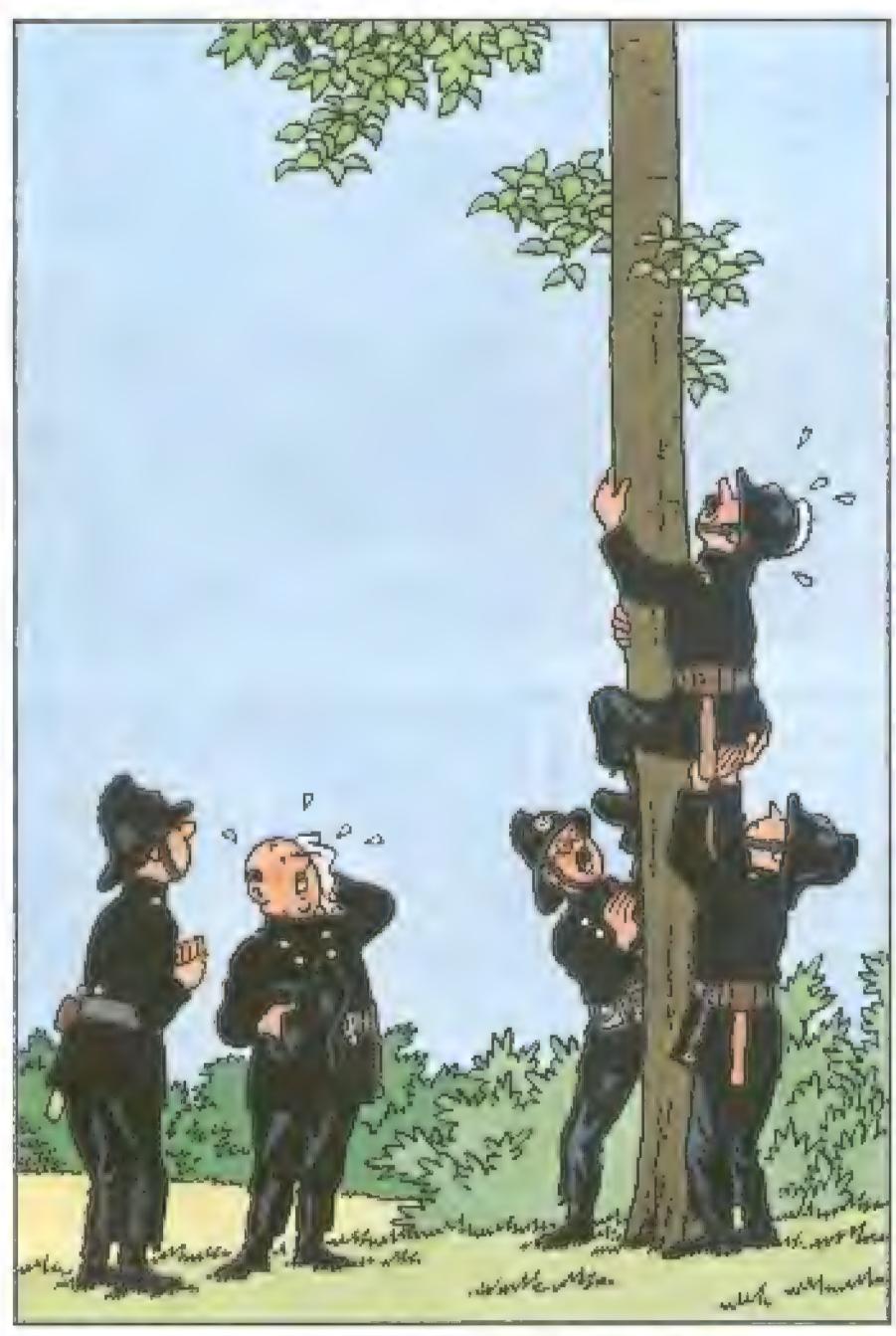




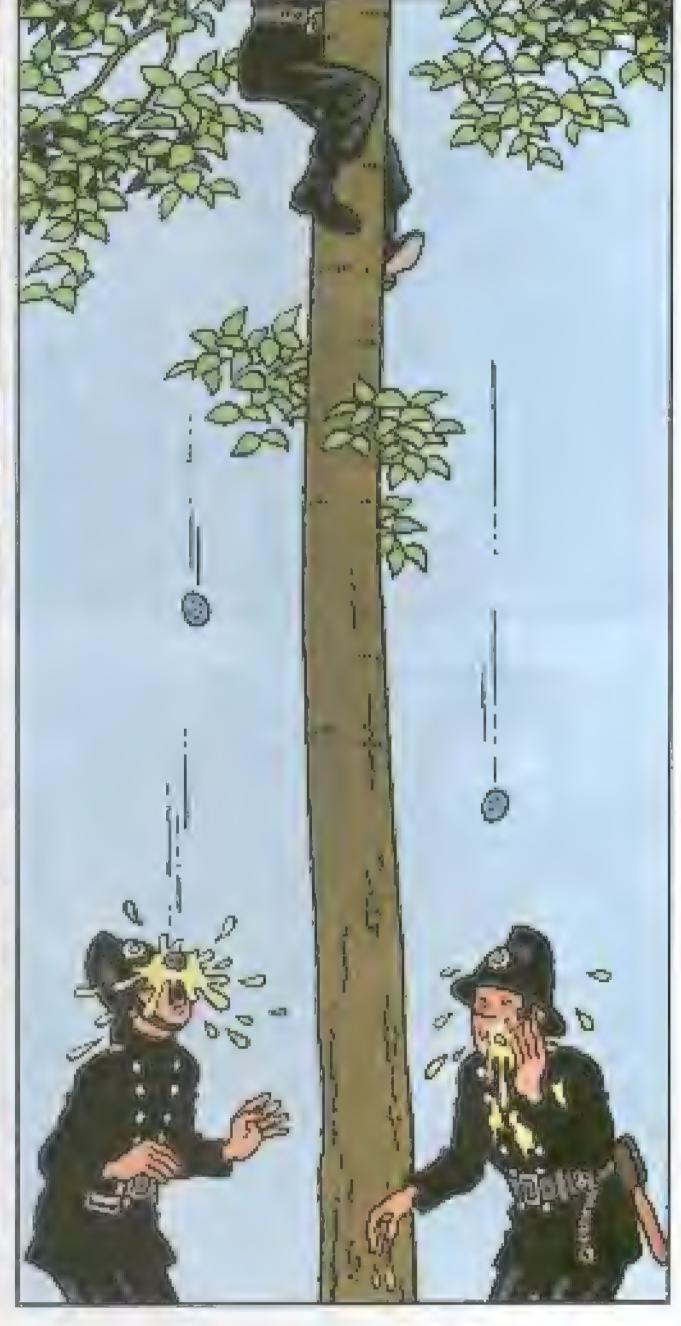


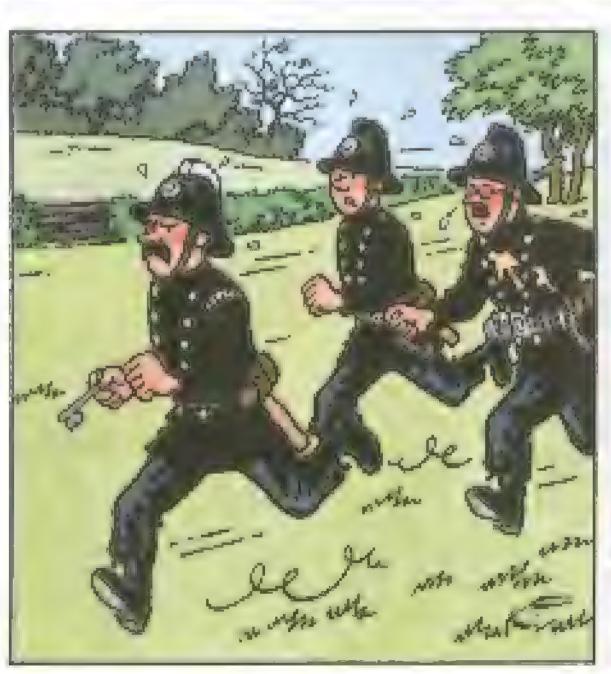








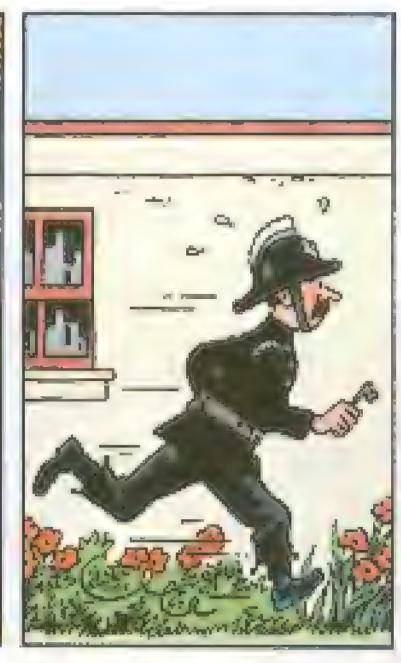






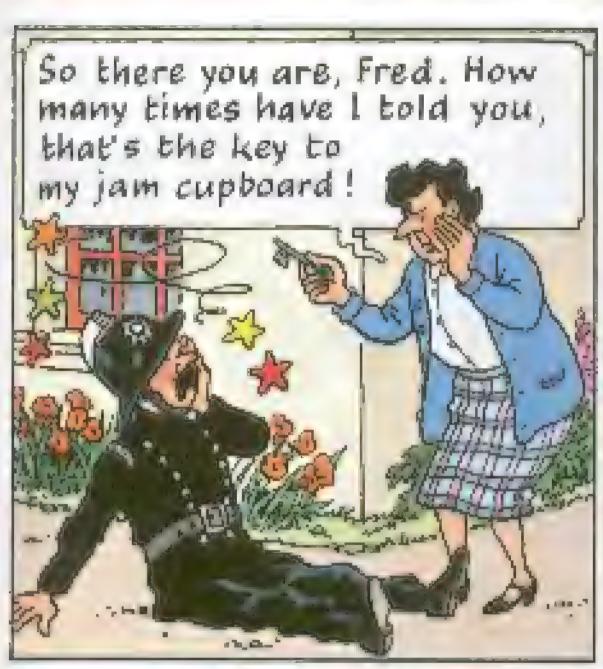


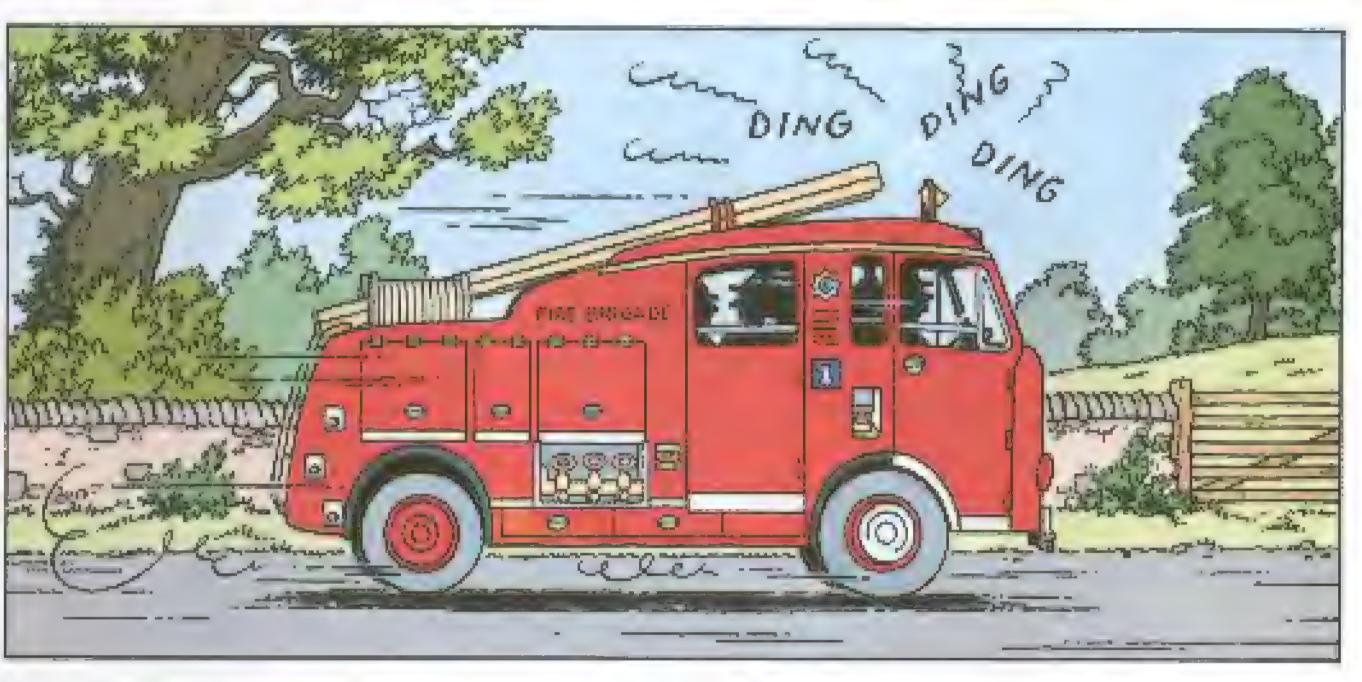




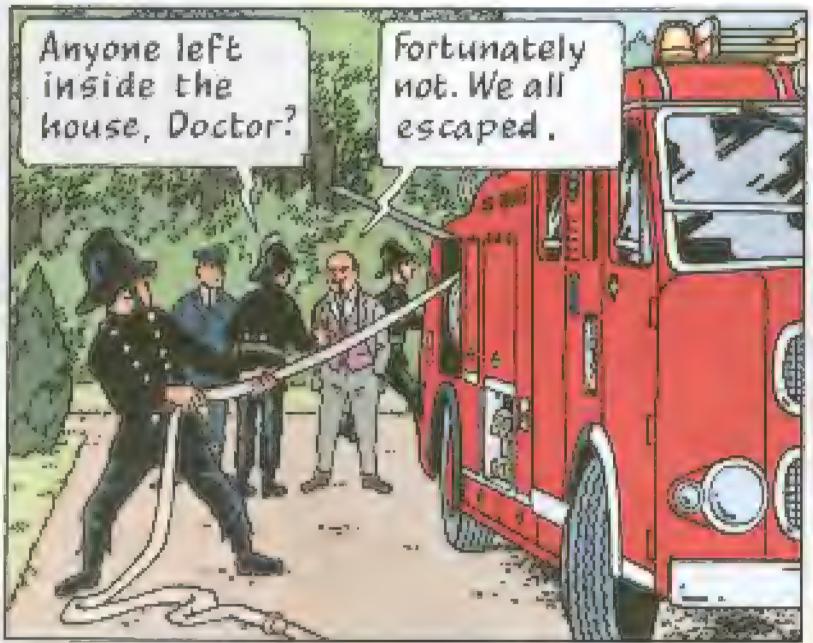


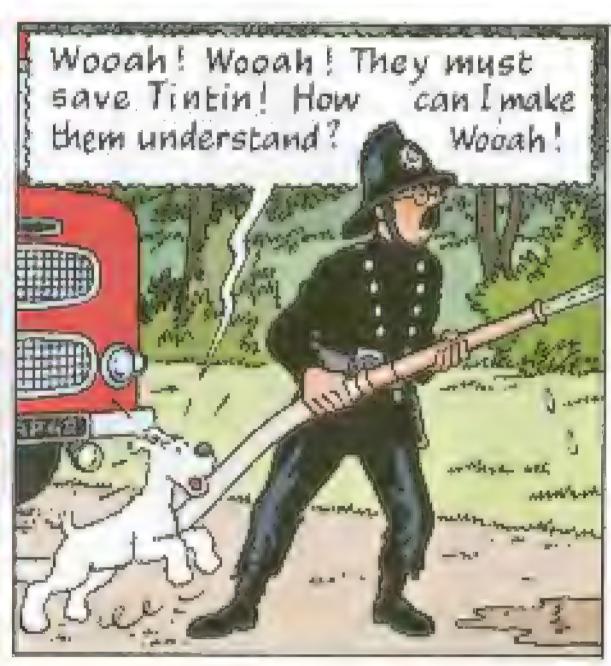






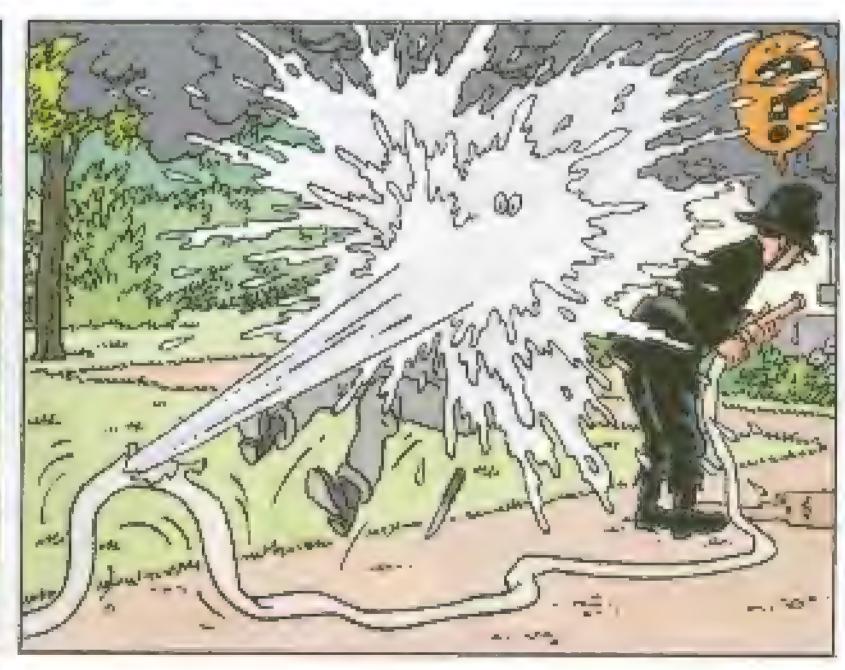


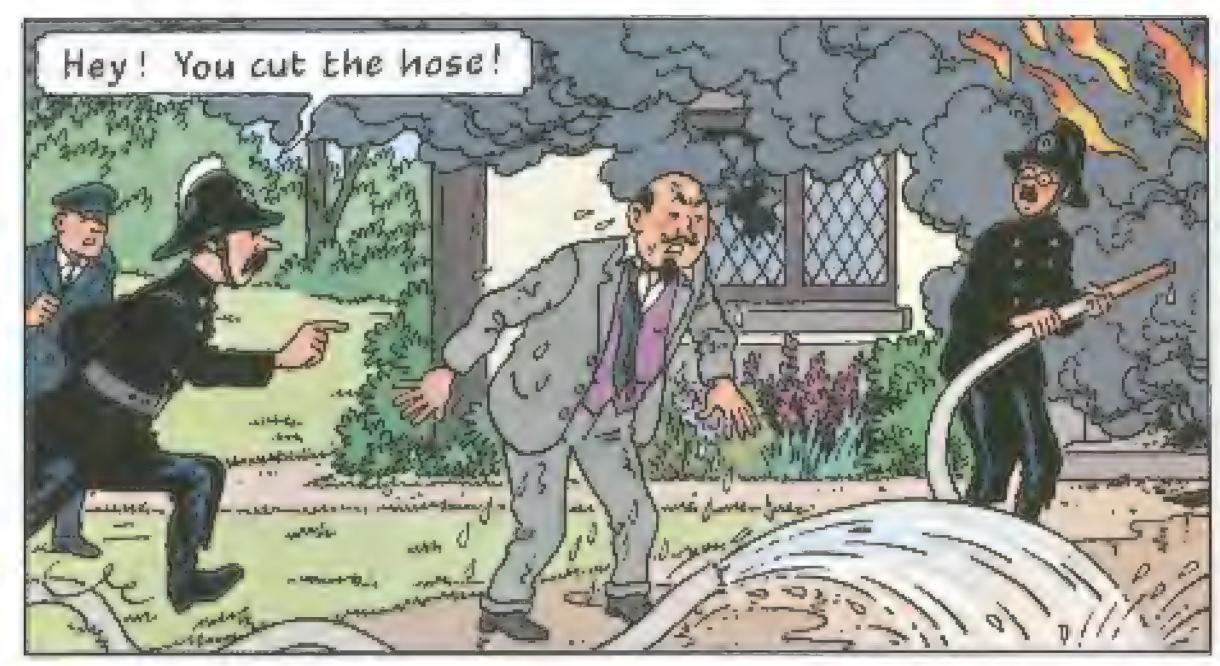














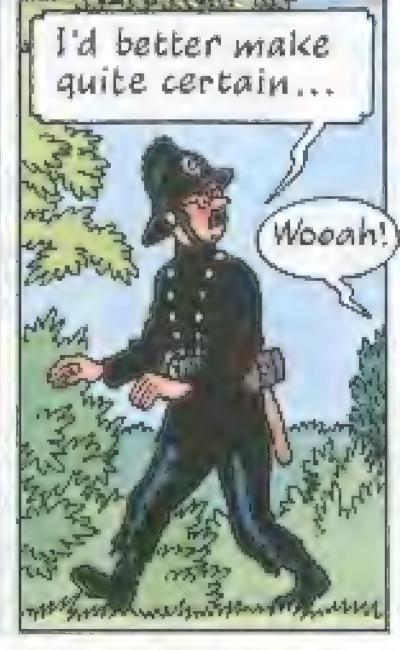














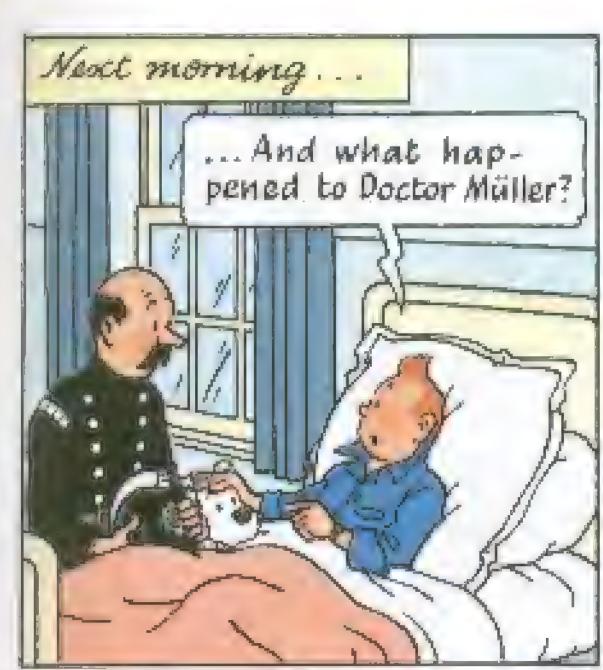


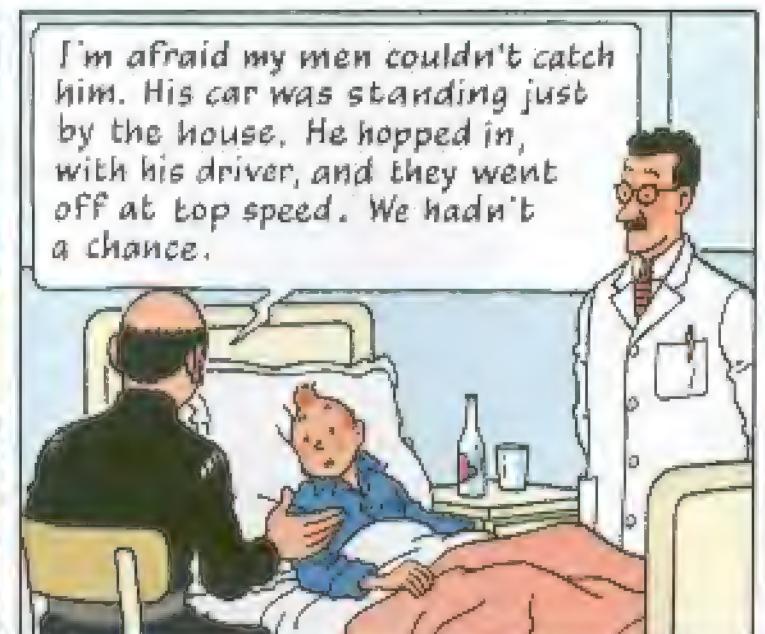








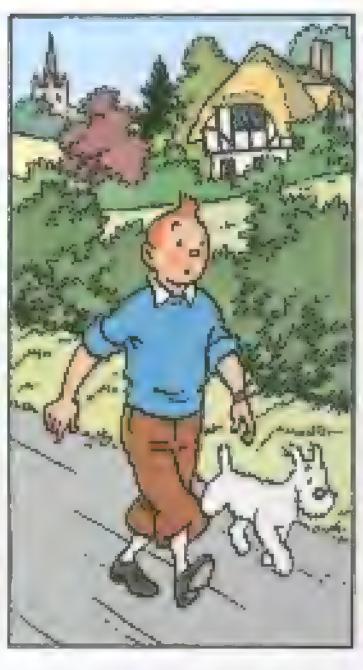




A pity. I'd give a lot to know ... why were they so anxious to get rid of me? Never mind Perhaps I'll find a clue at the house, to put me on their track again... The fire can't have destroyed everything...





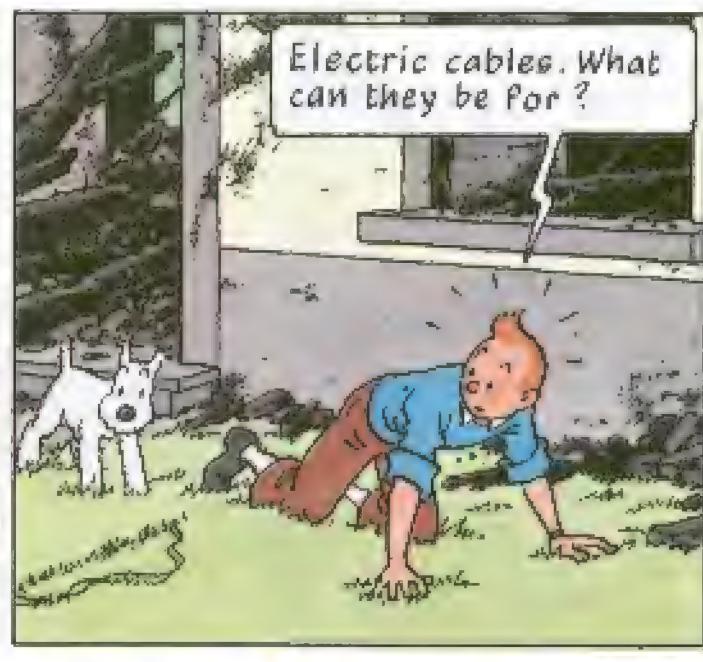




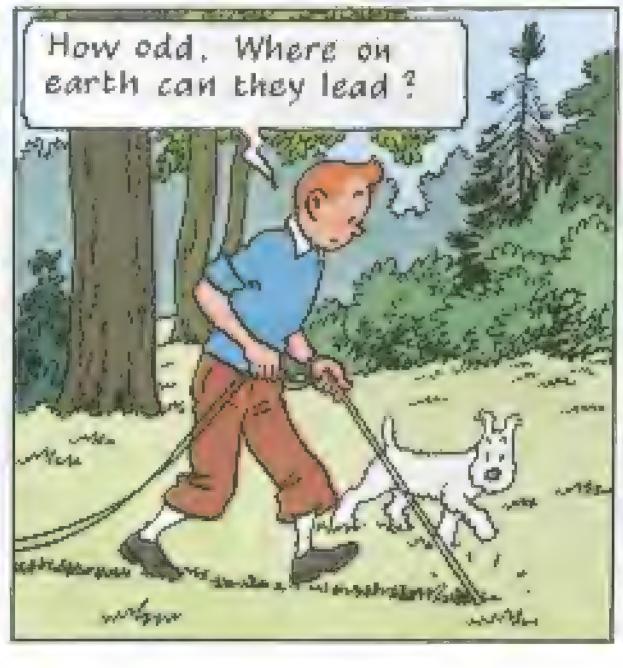


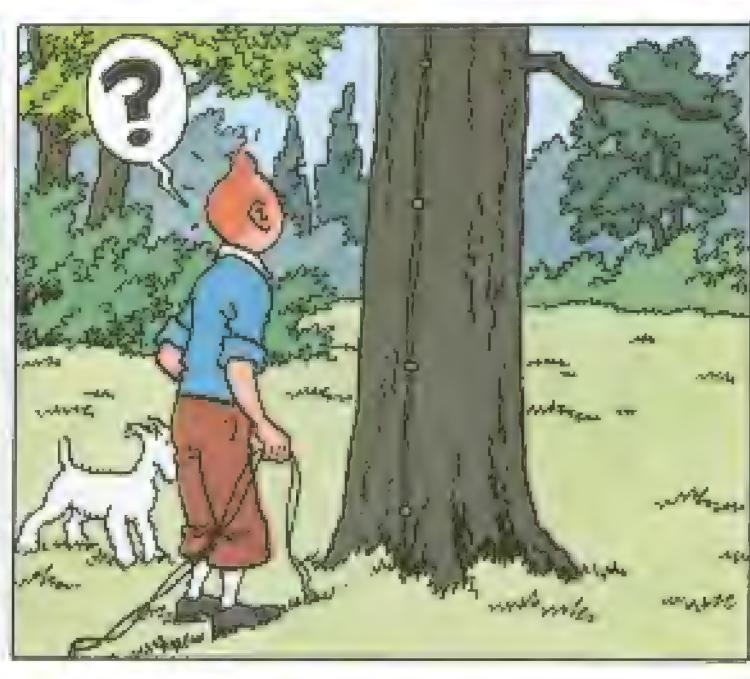


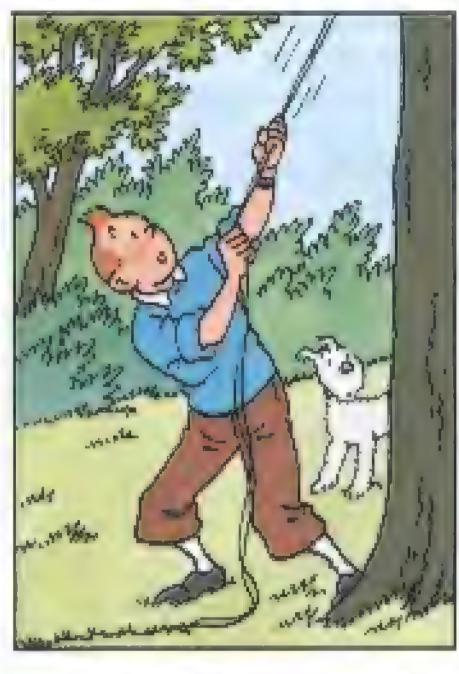






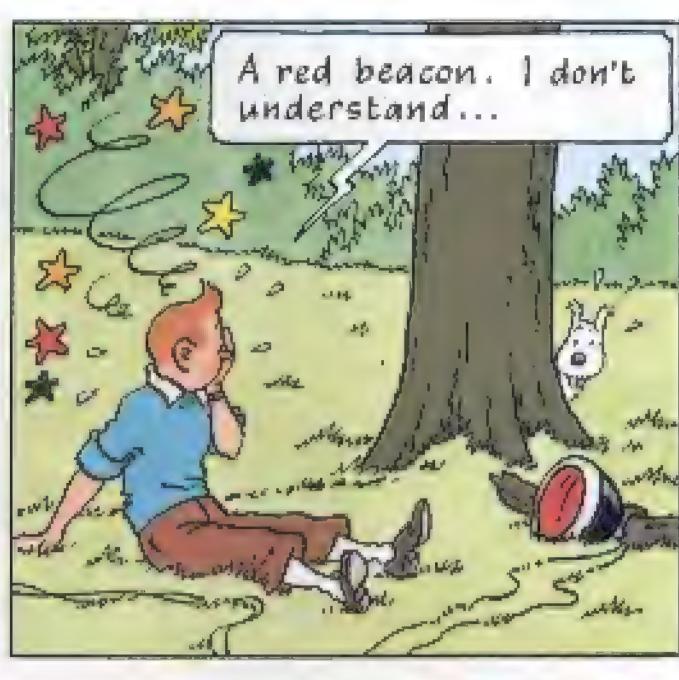














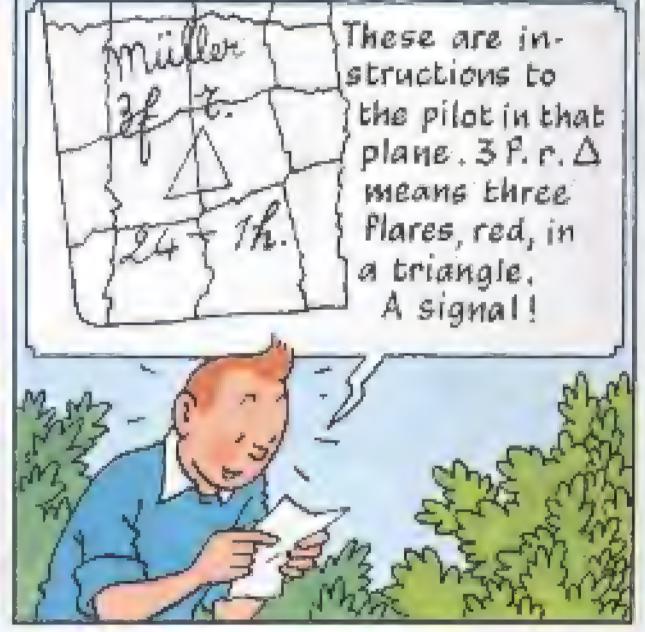


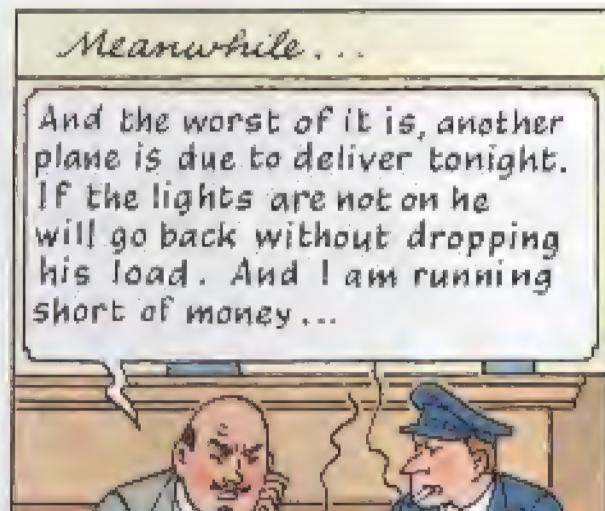


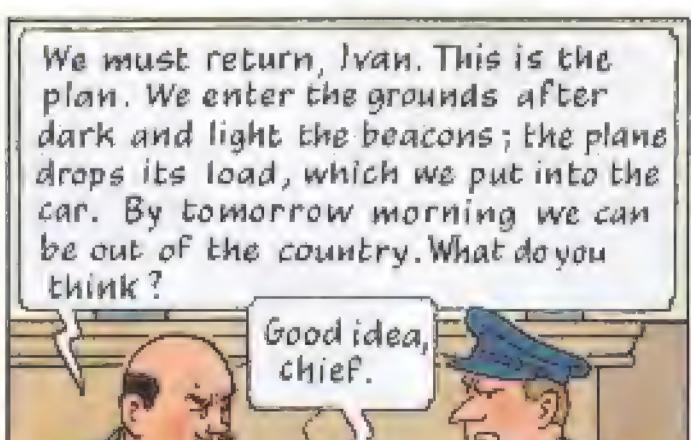






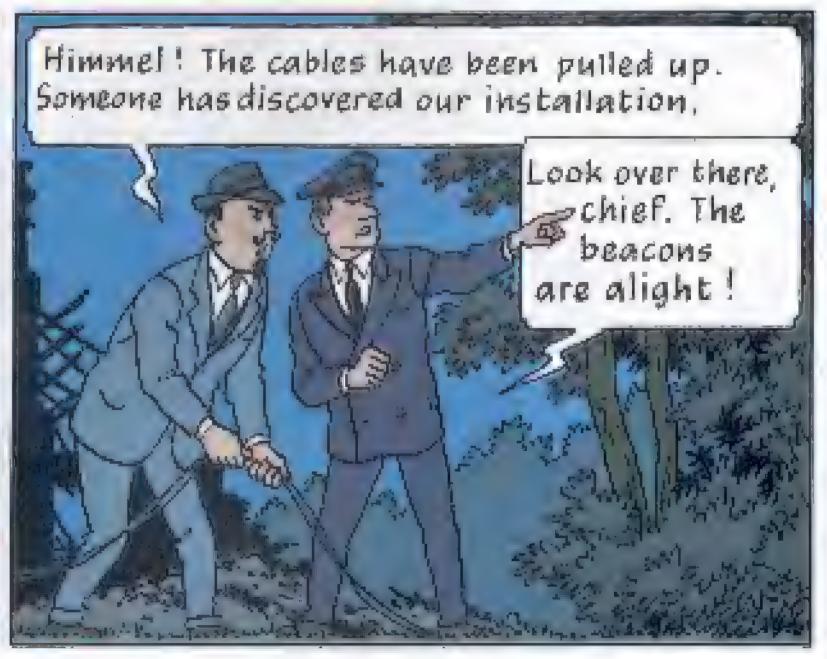








That night ...



Someone else is waiting for the plane! ... If they drop the load now we are finished!... We have got to stop them. We must put out those lights. Here, help me to cut the wires.













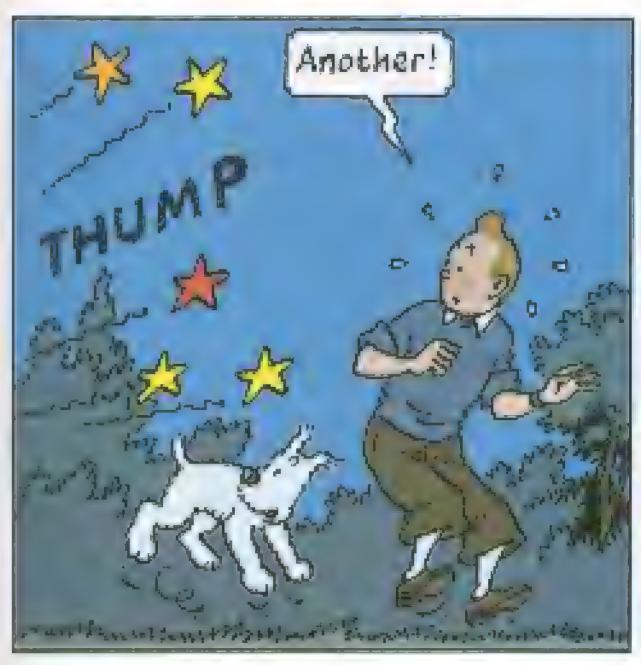
















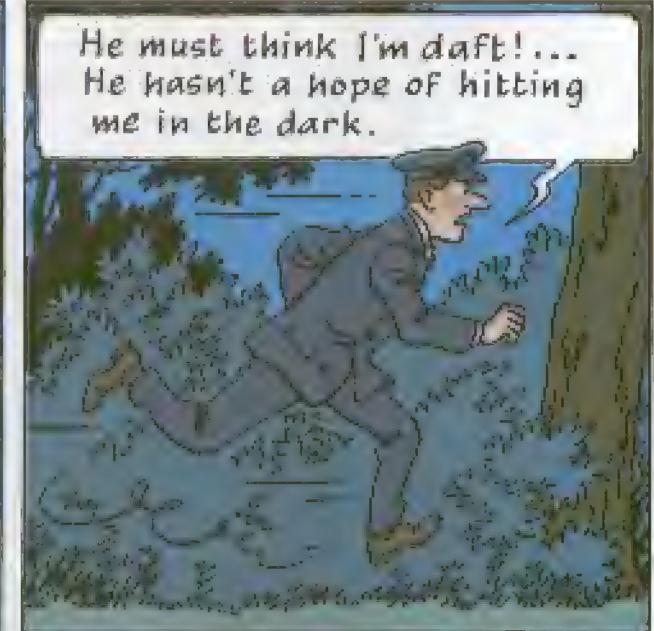


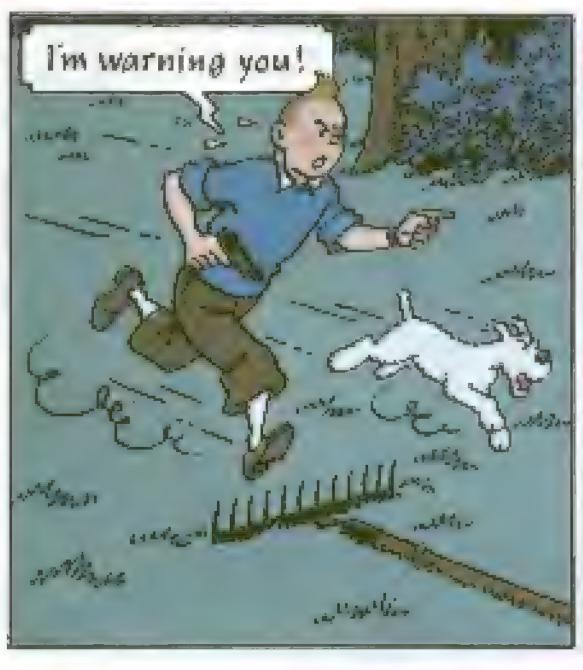




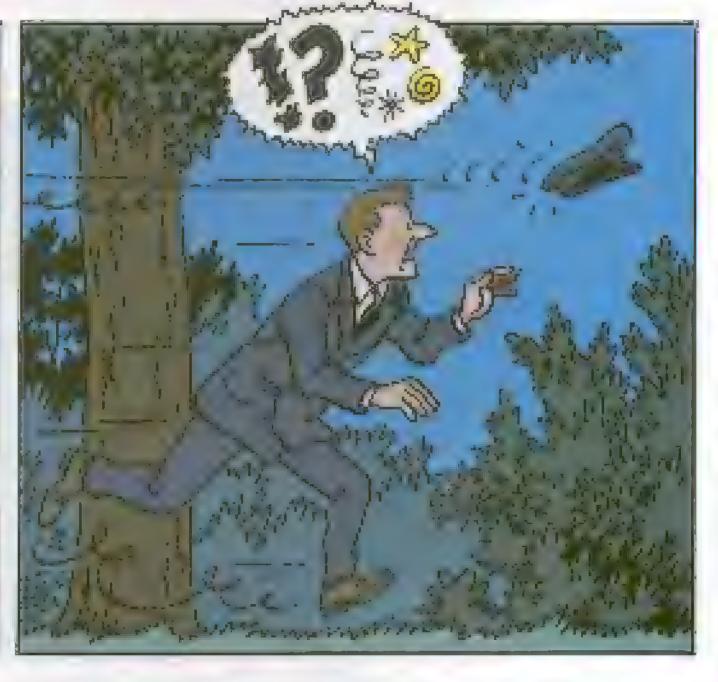


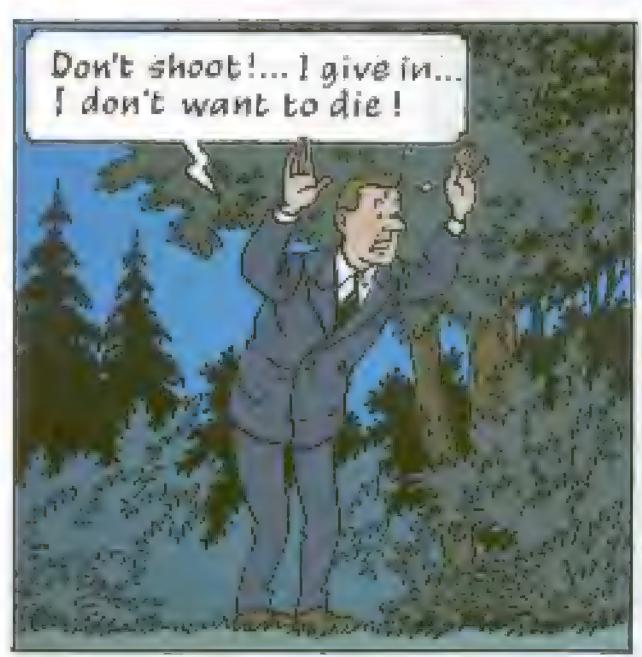










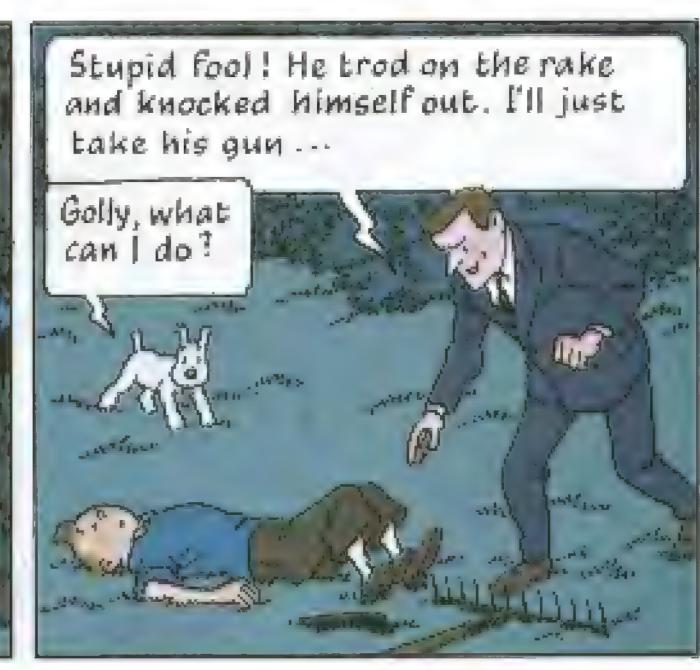








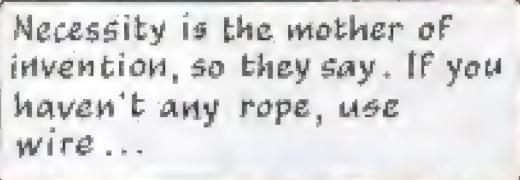




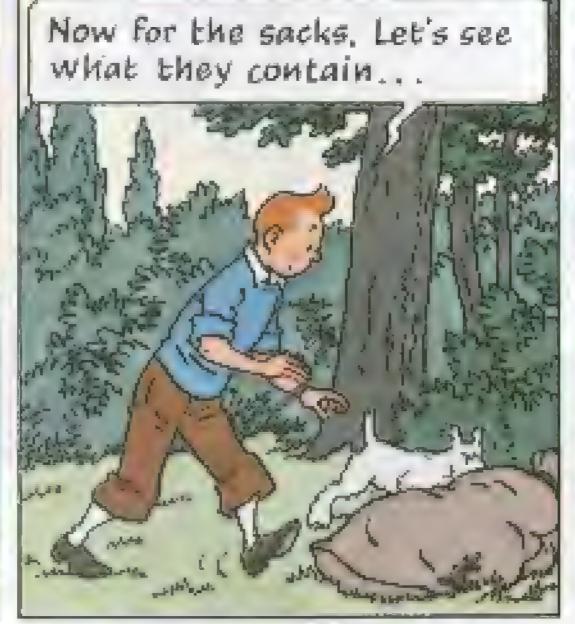




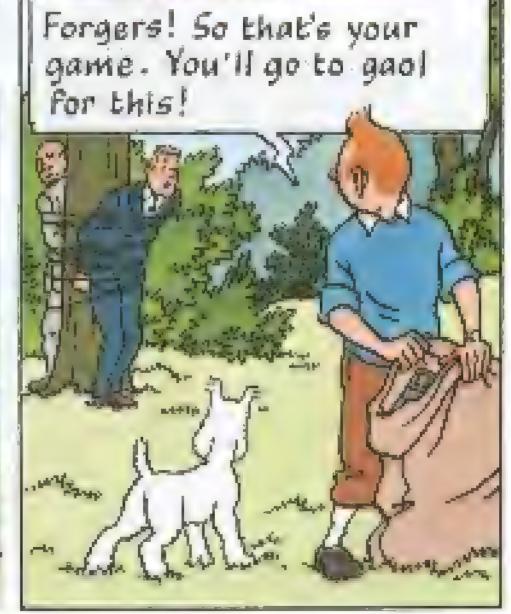




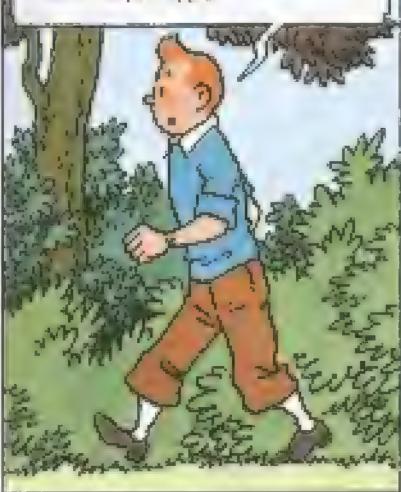








I'd better set about finding the other two sacks.





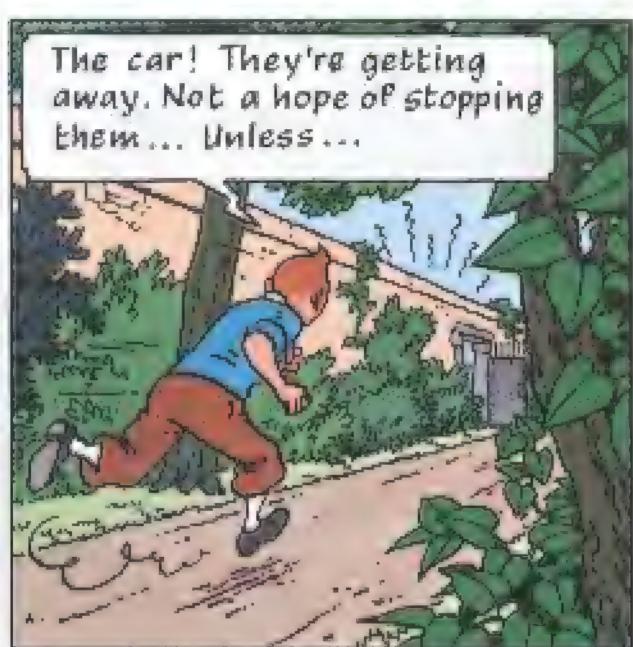


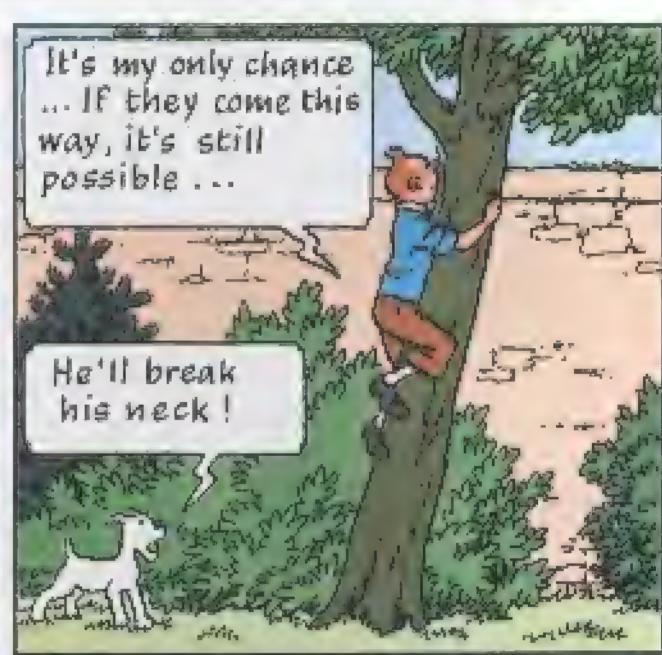


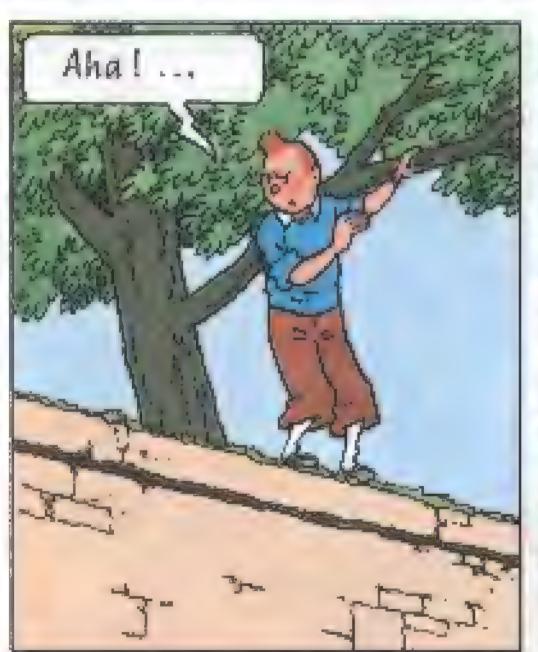




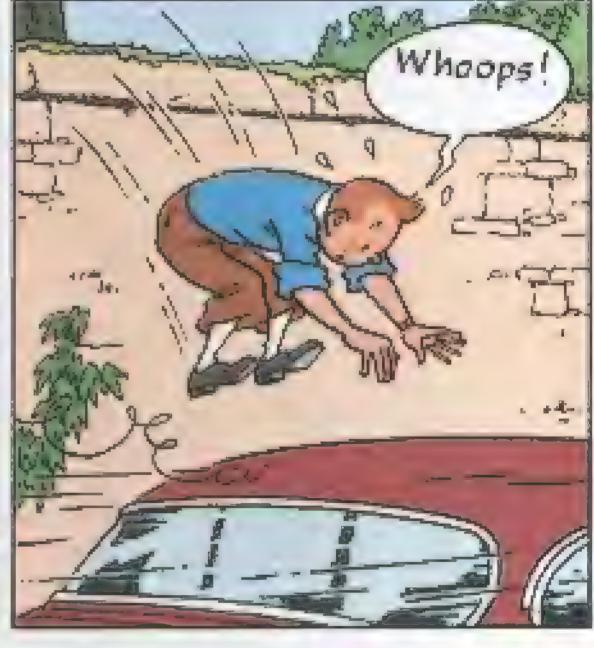




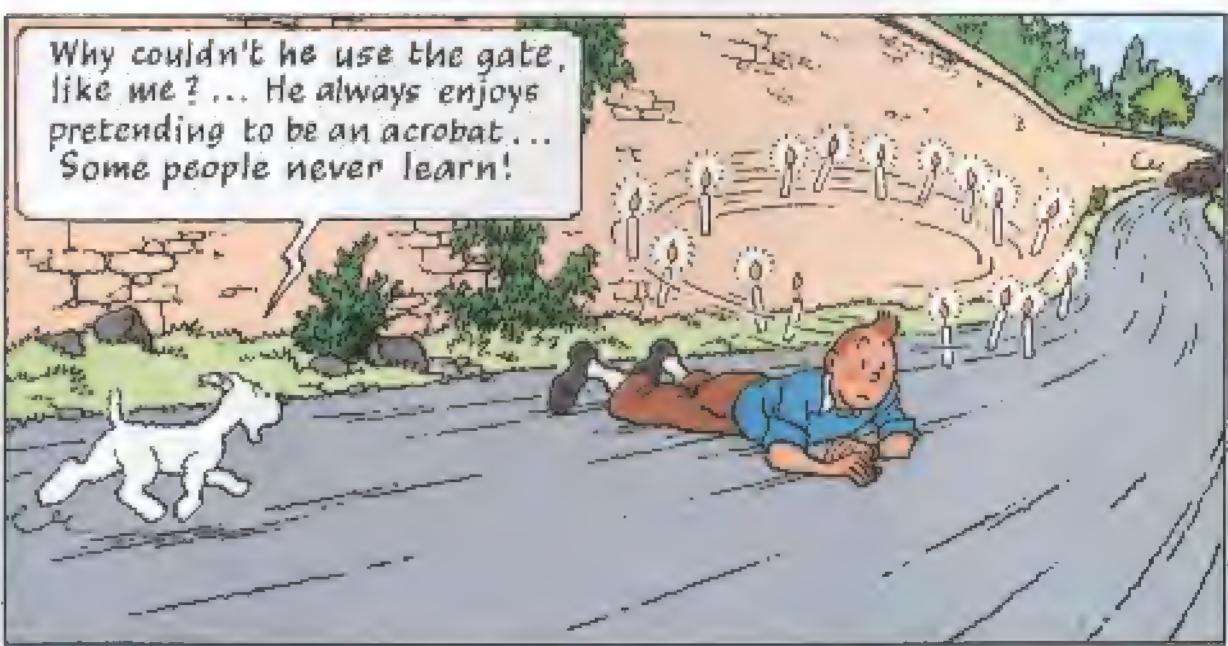


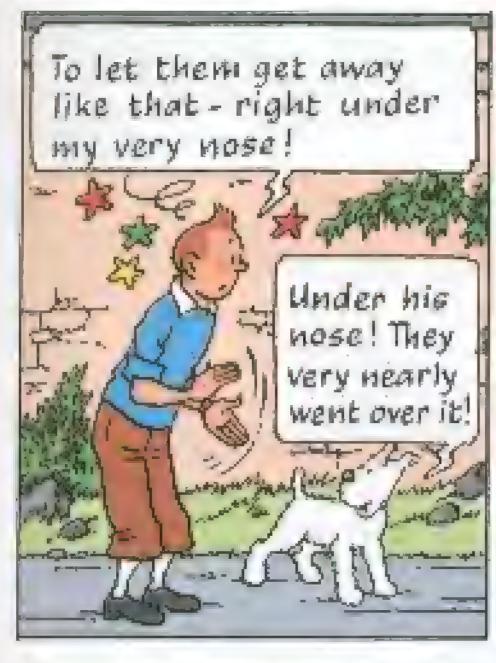






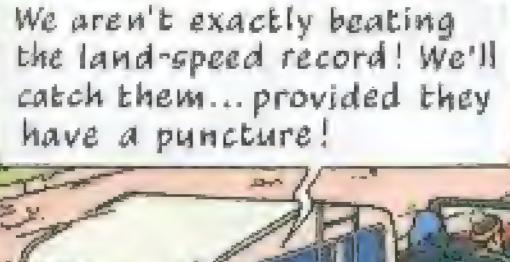




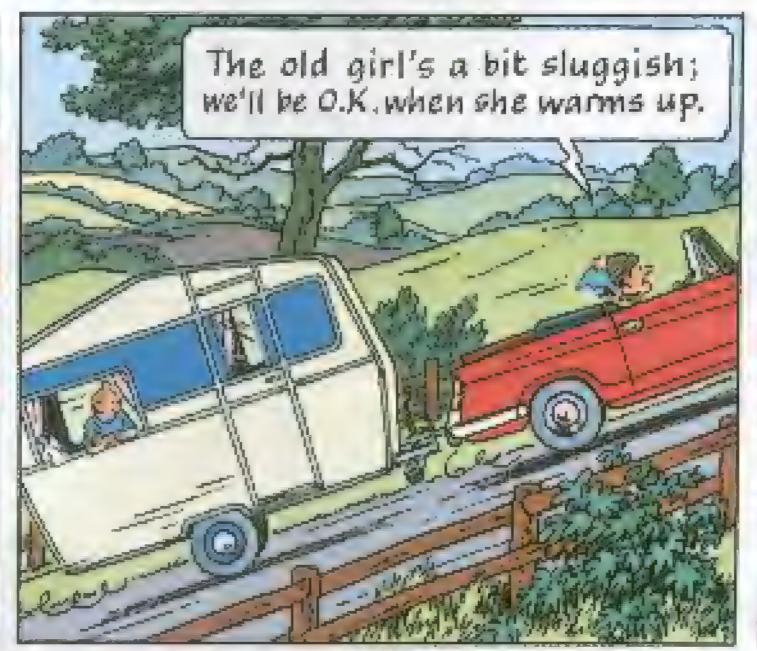


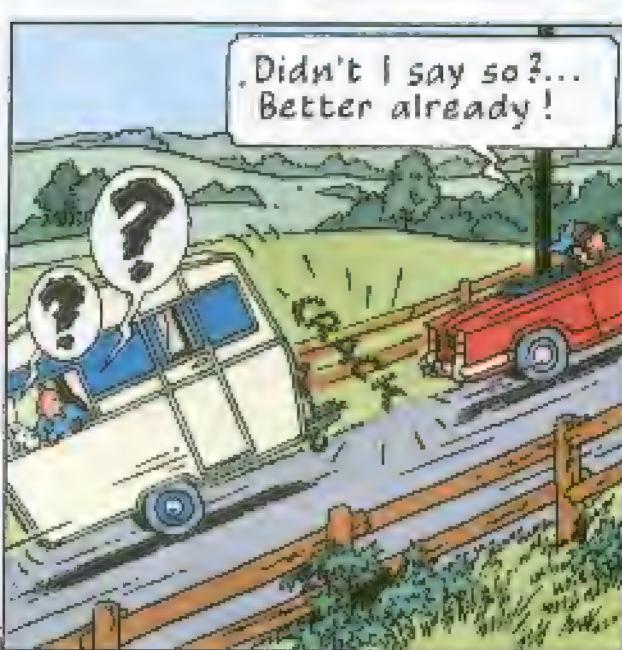




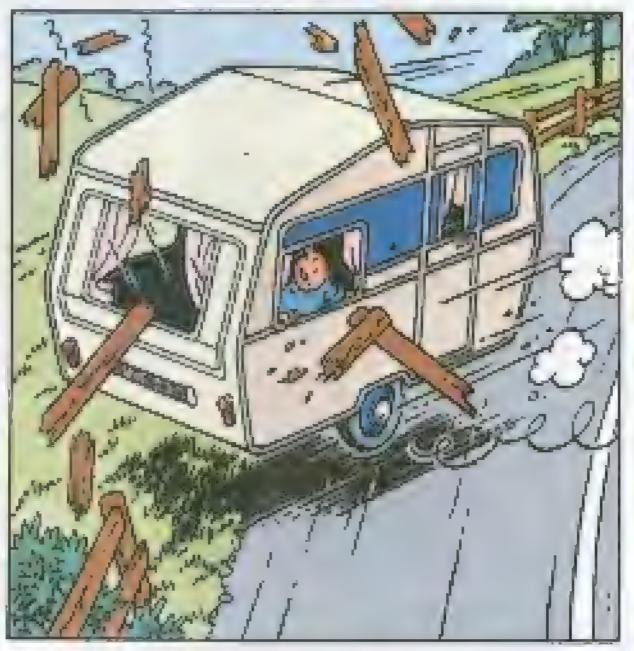




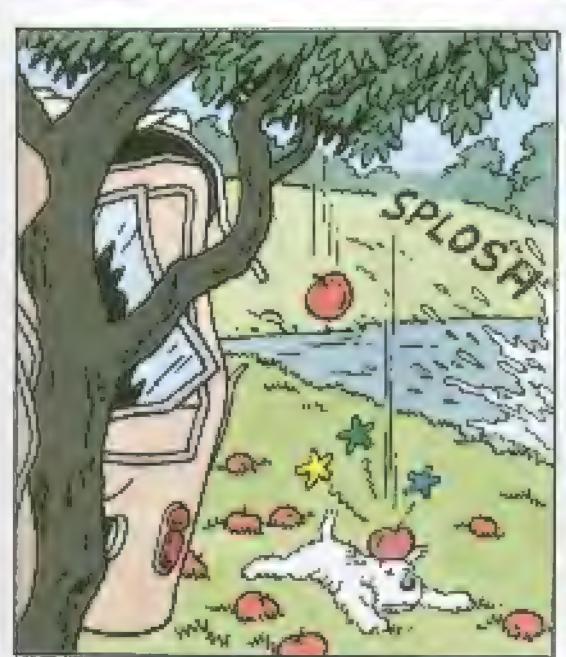


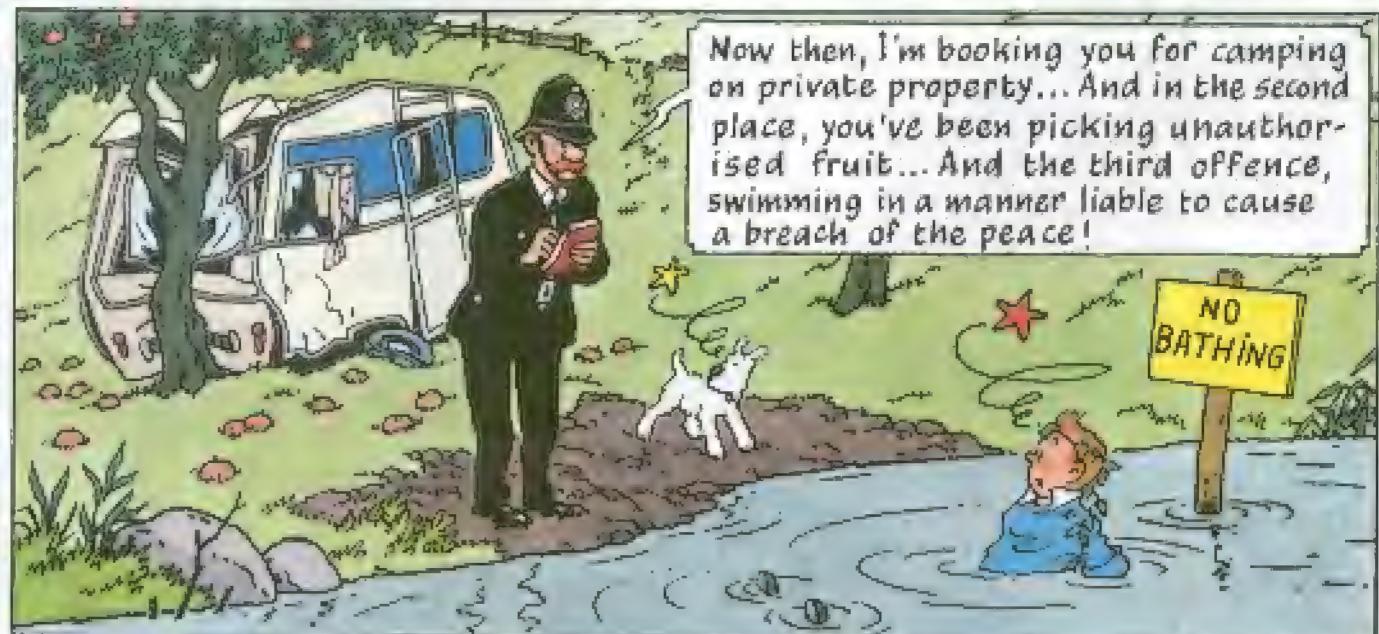


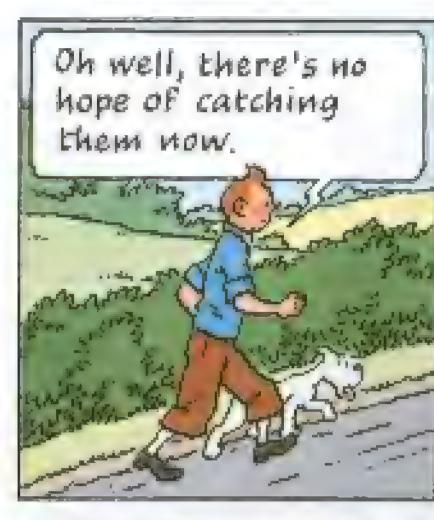






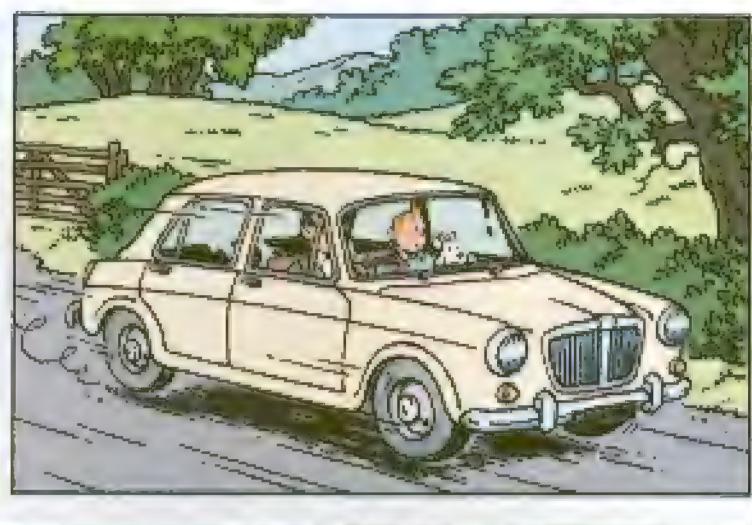


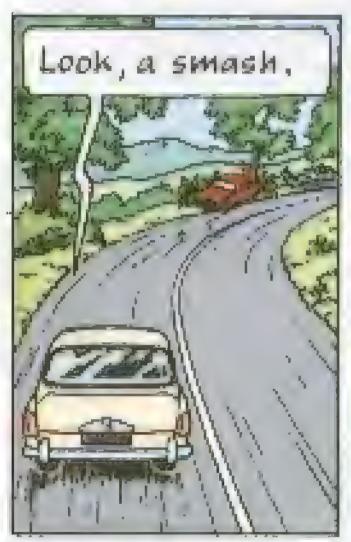




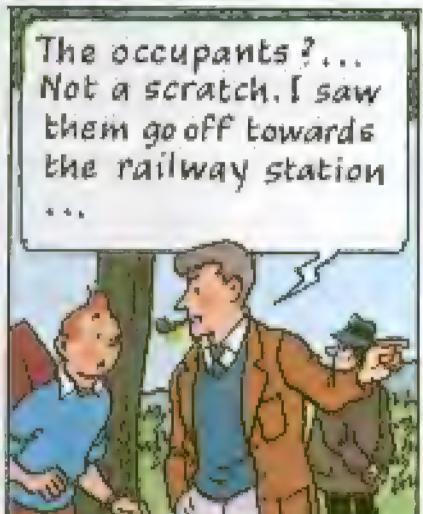






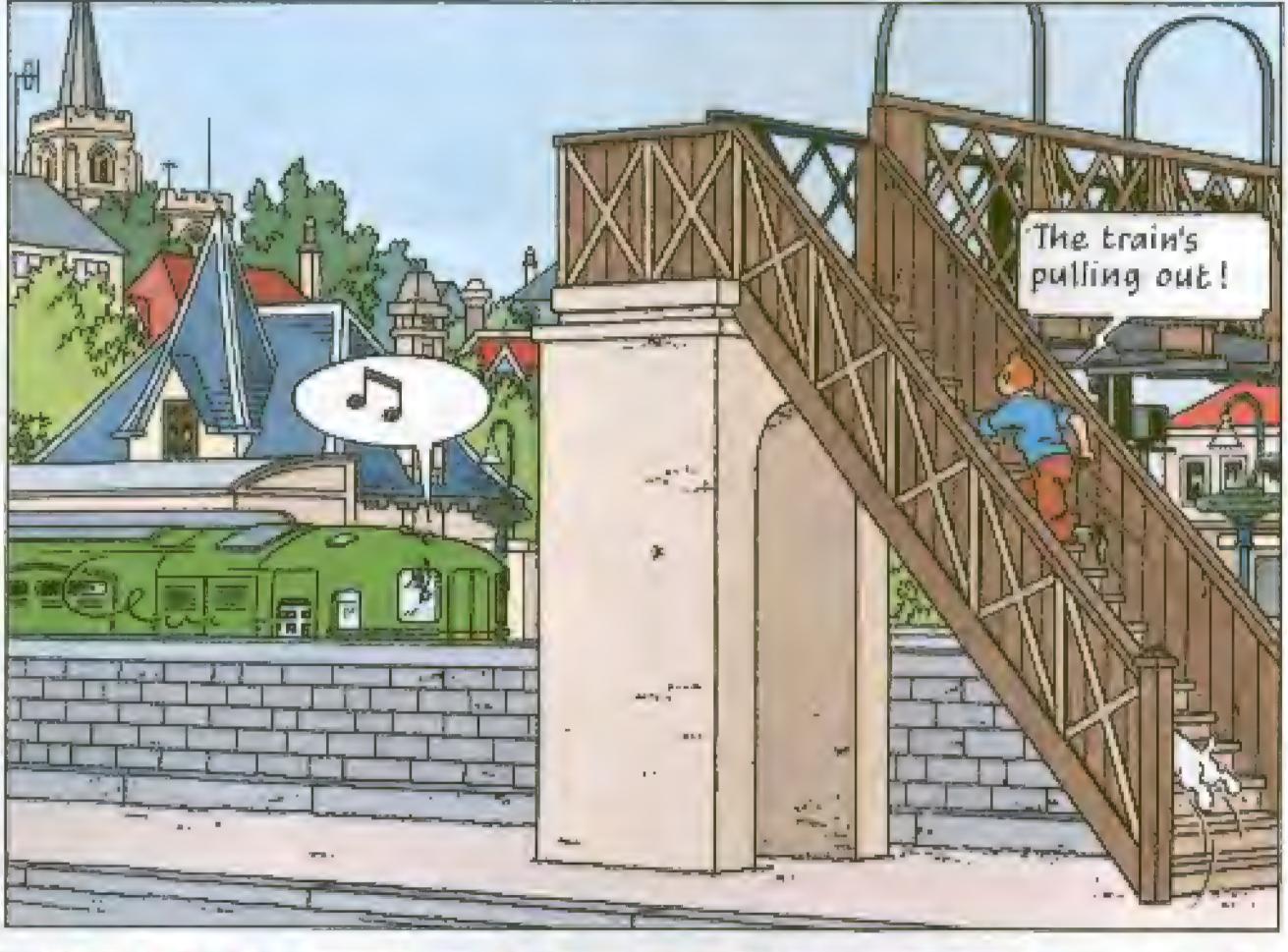






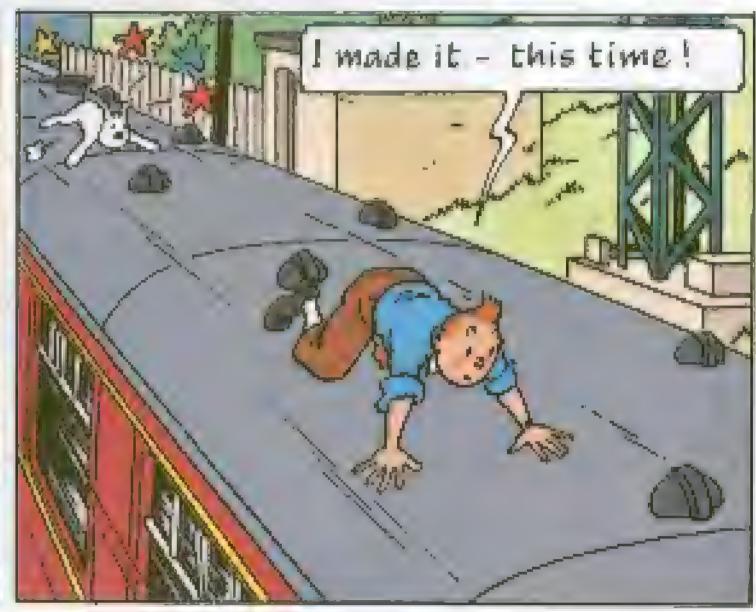












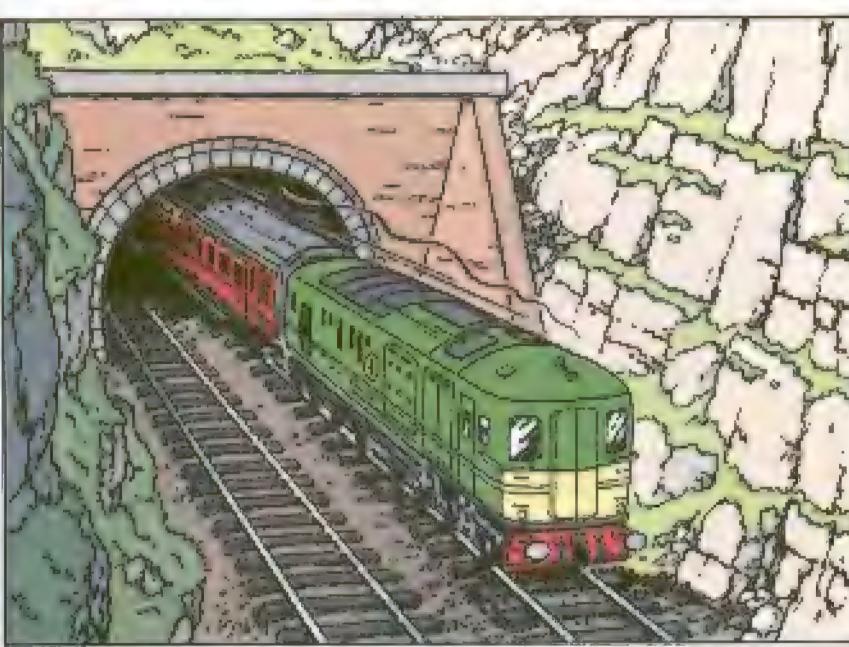




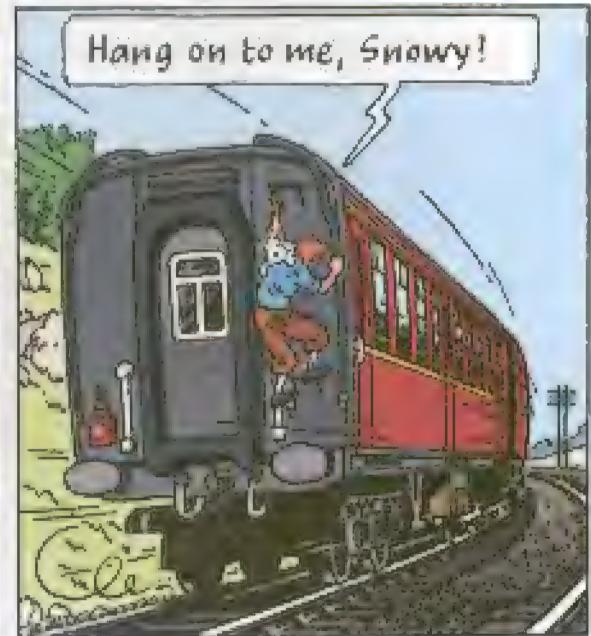


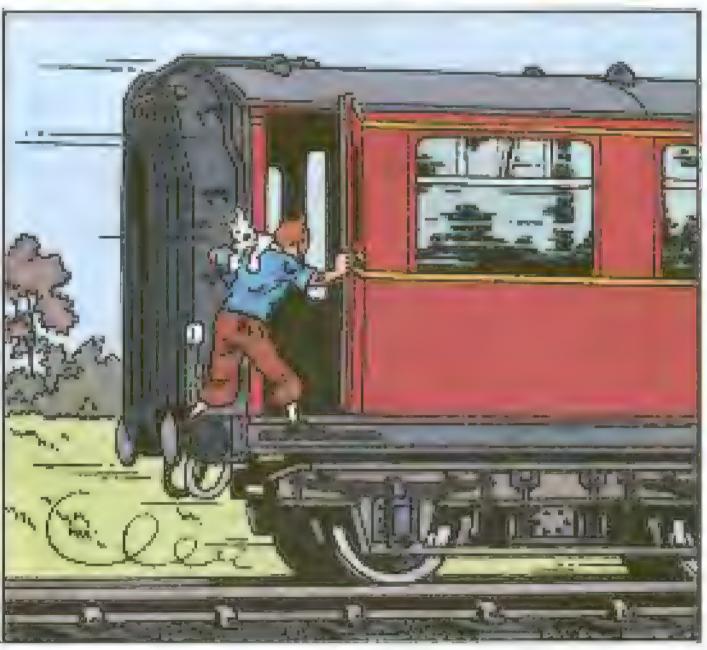




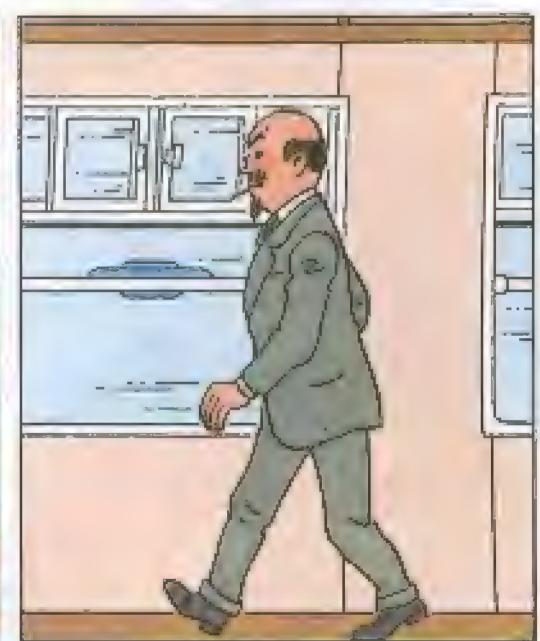


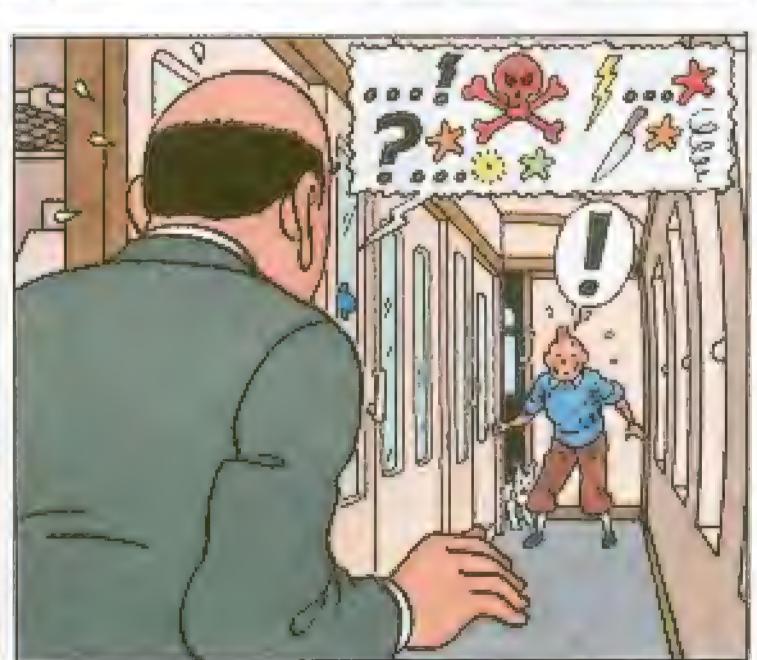










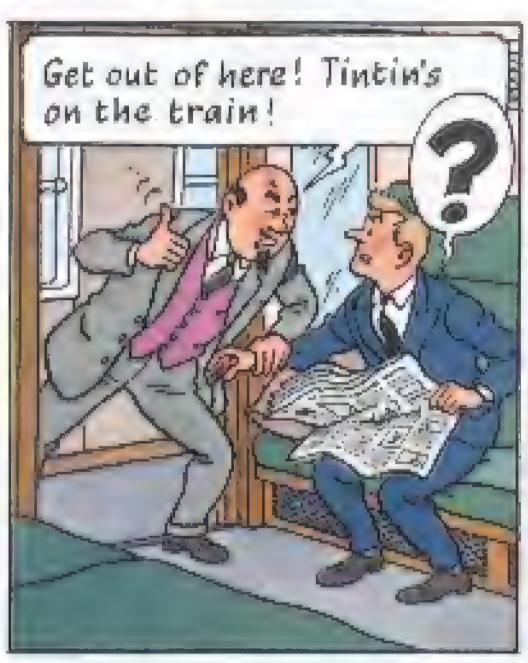






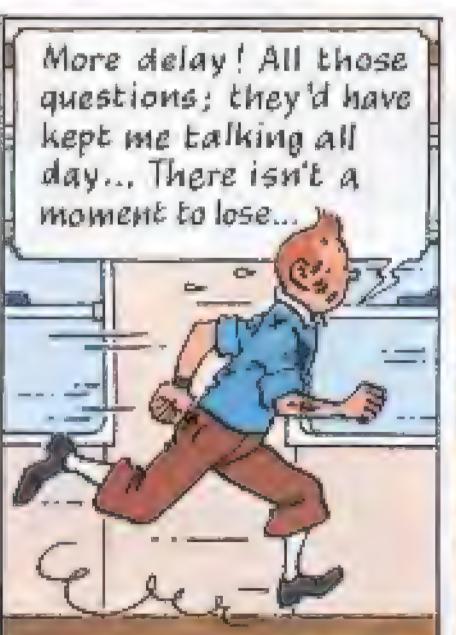


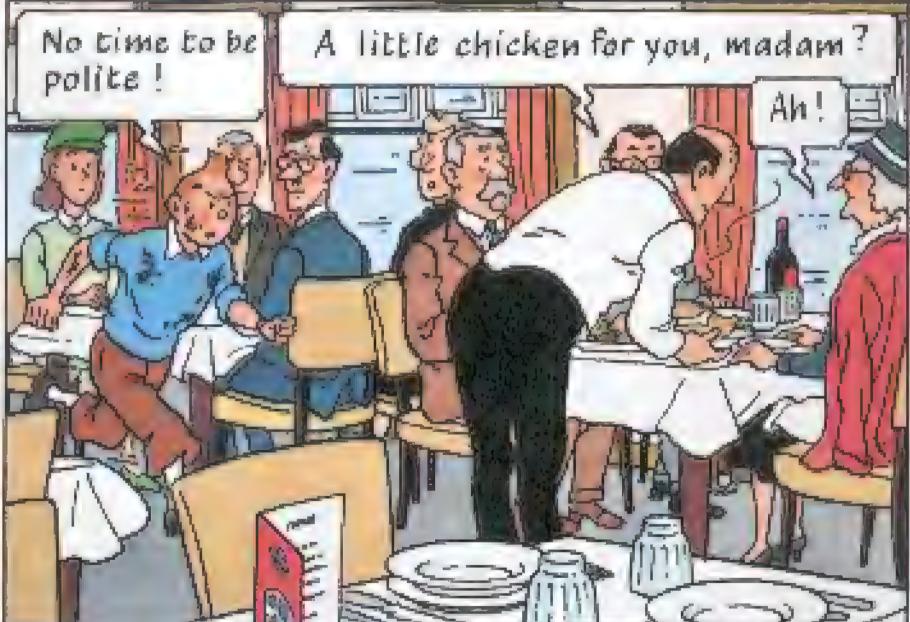




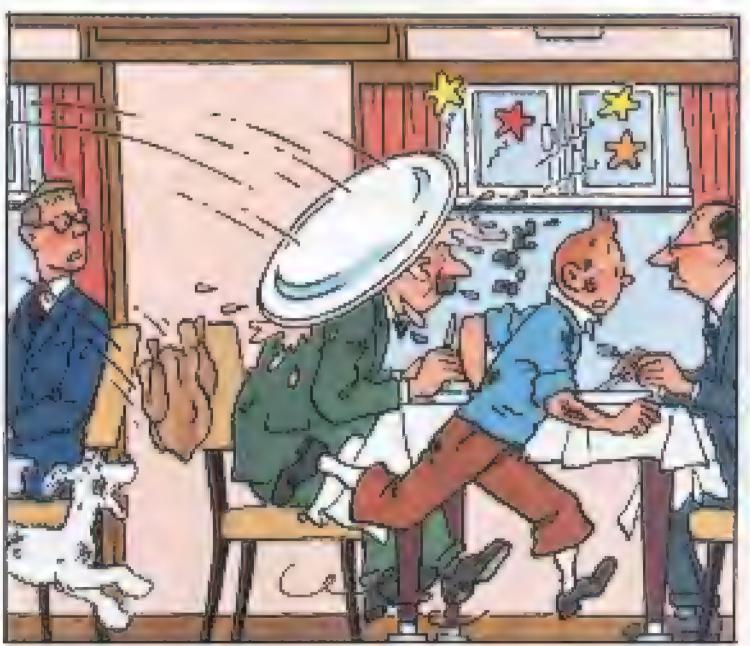




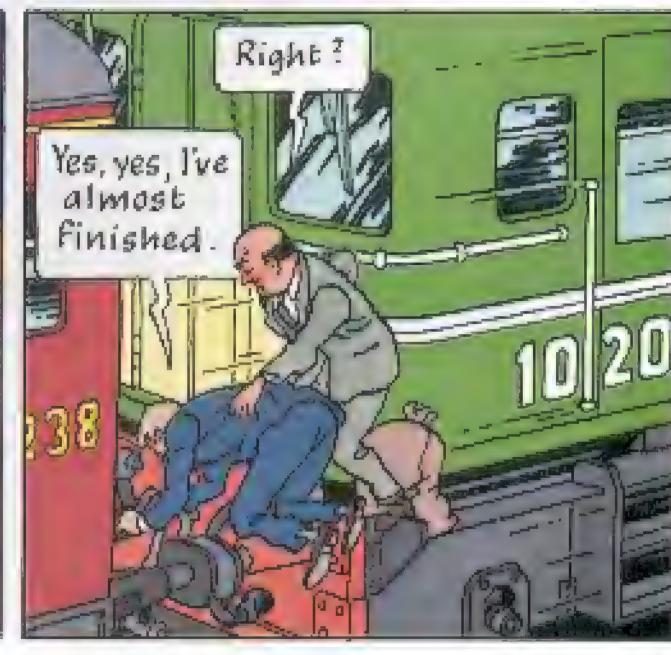




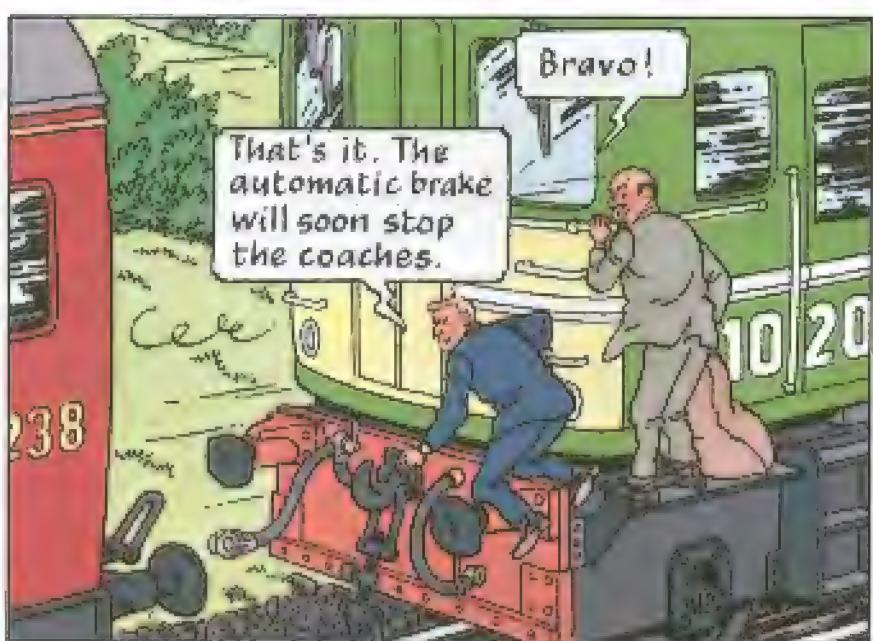




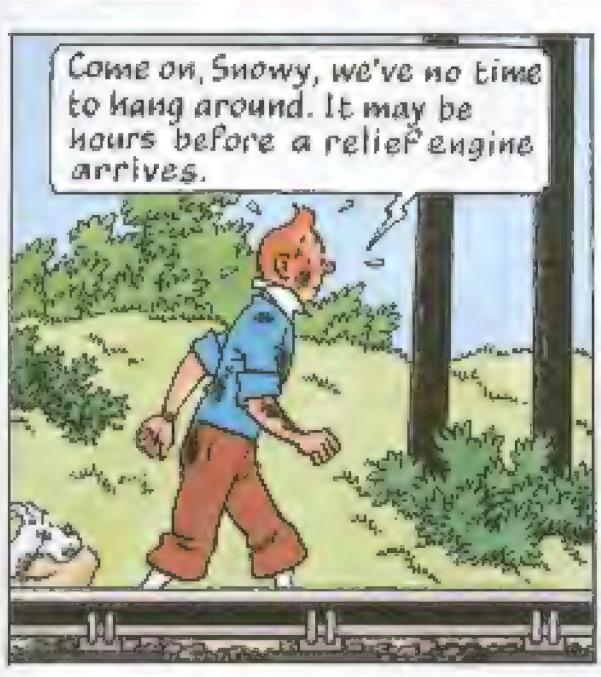


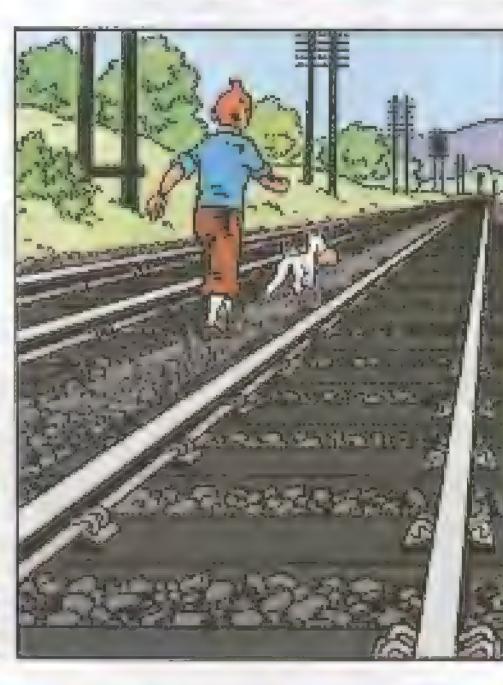




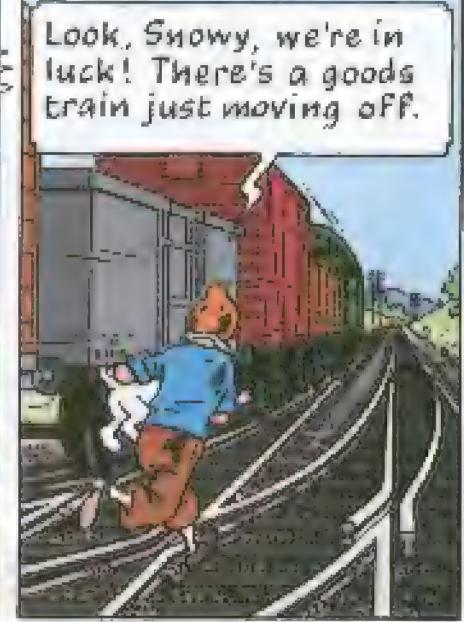


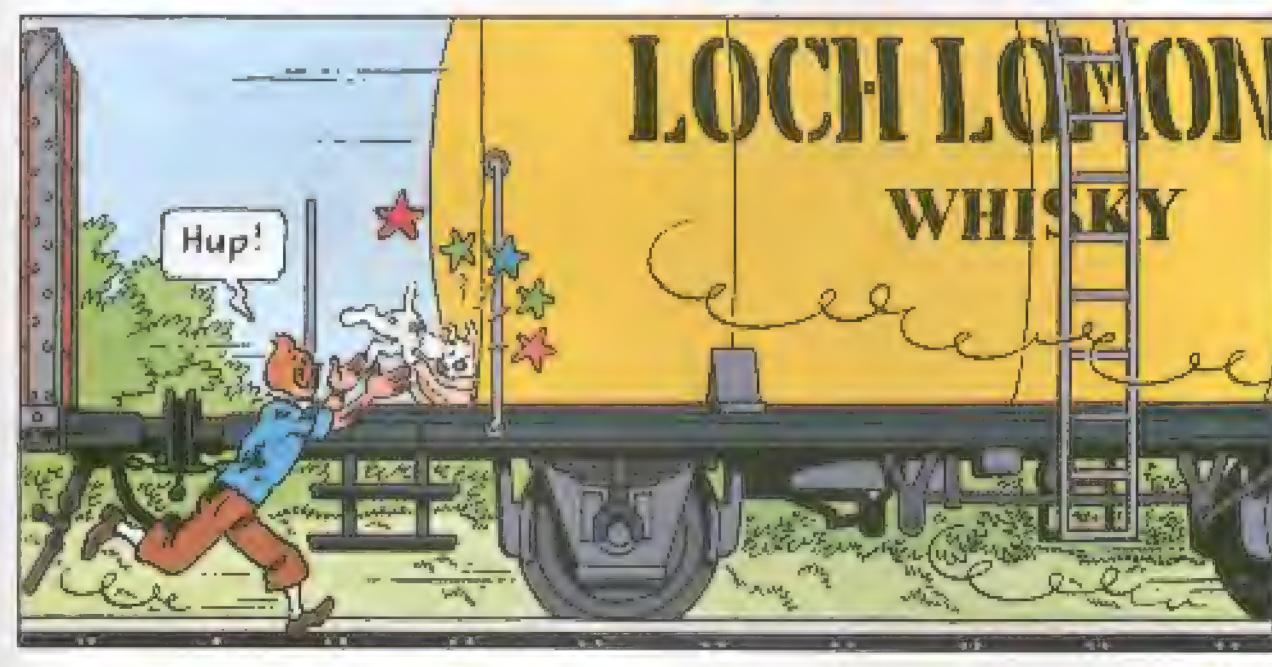




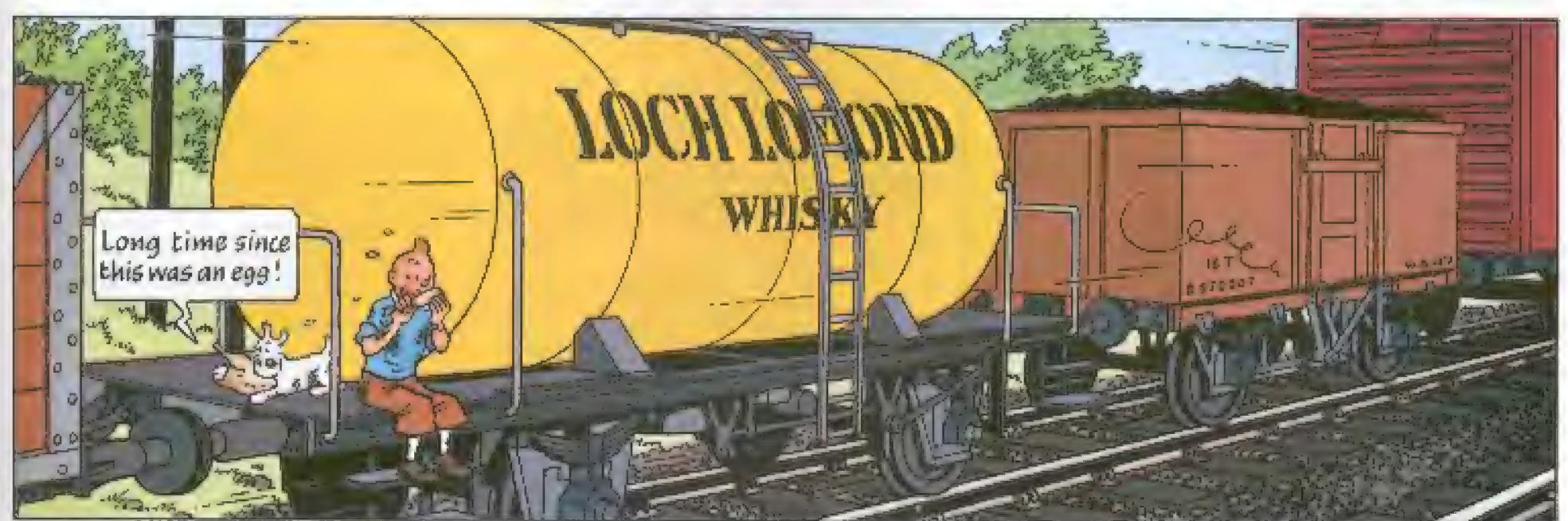


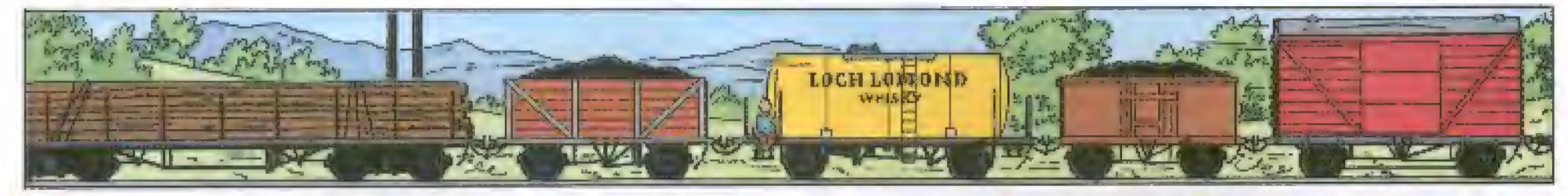
















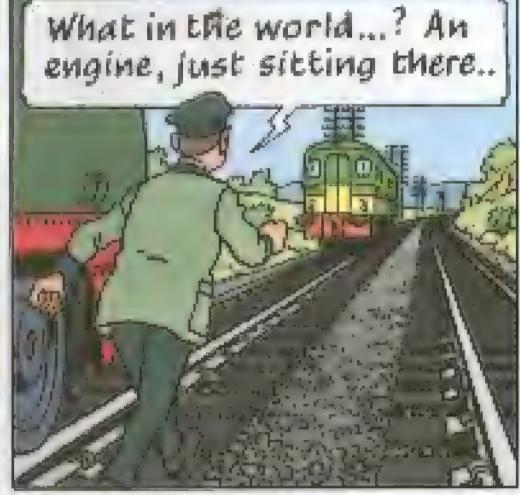


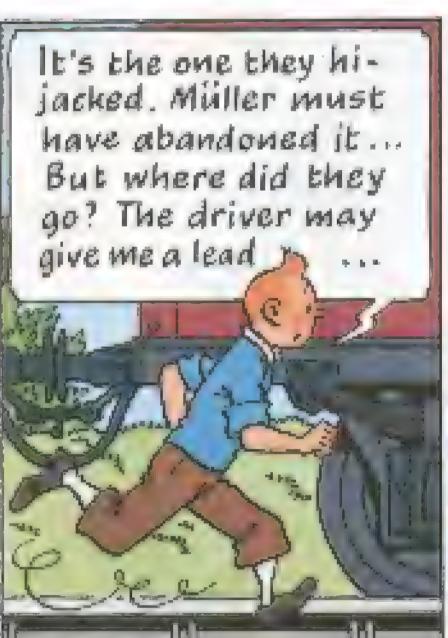


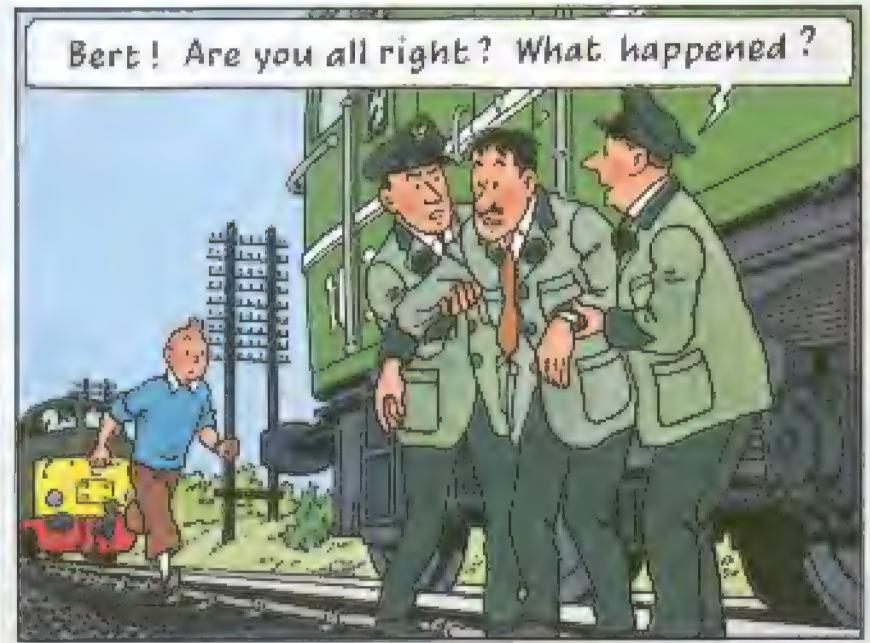


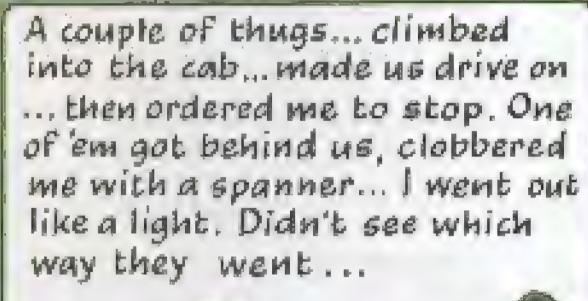




















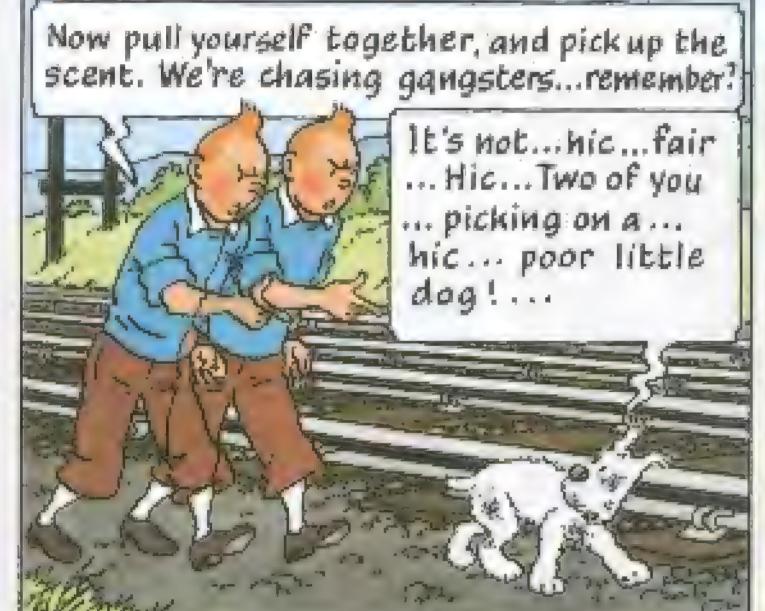


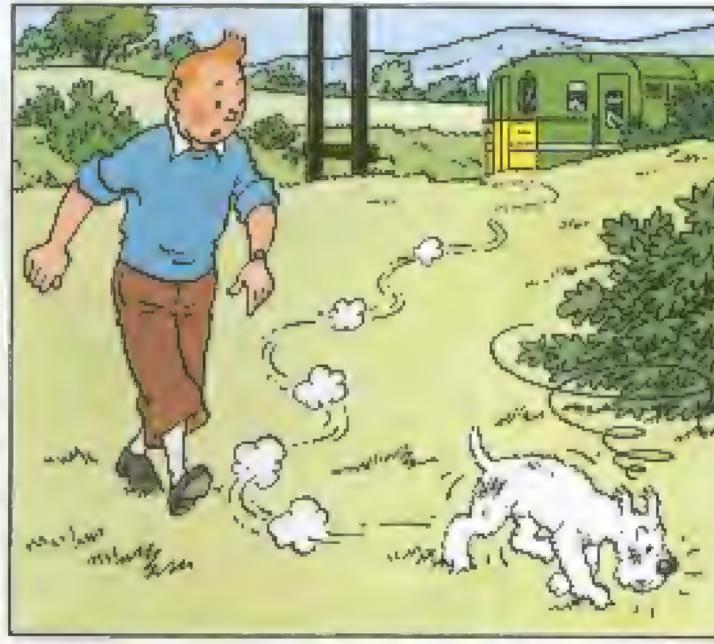


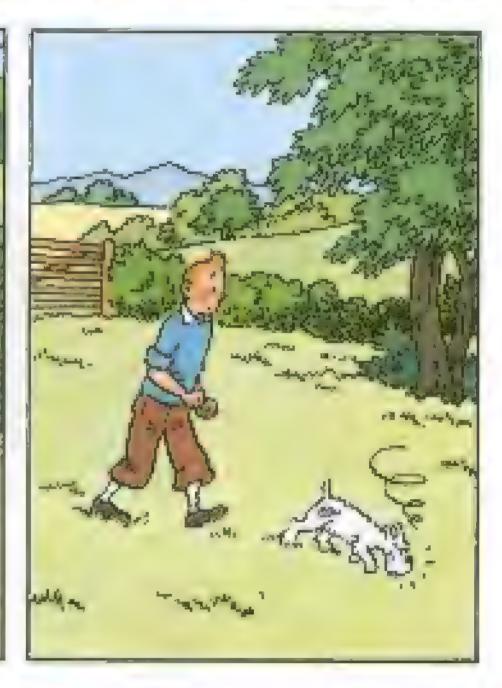




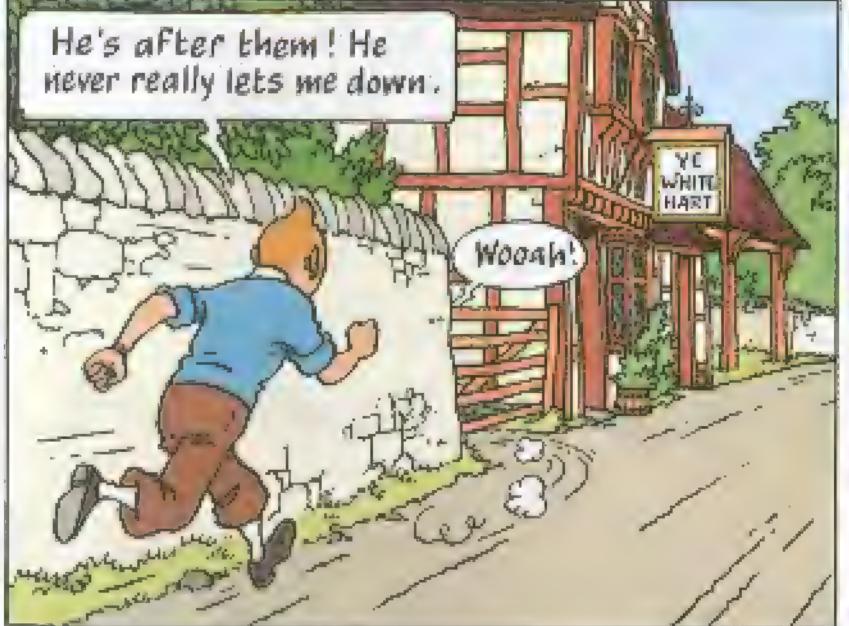




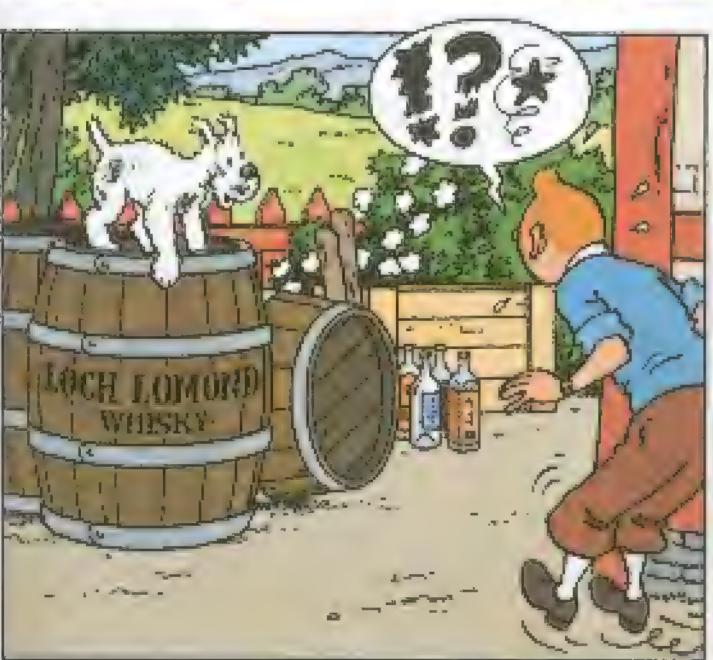


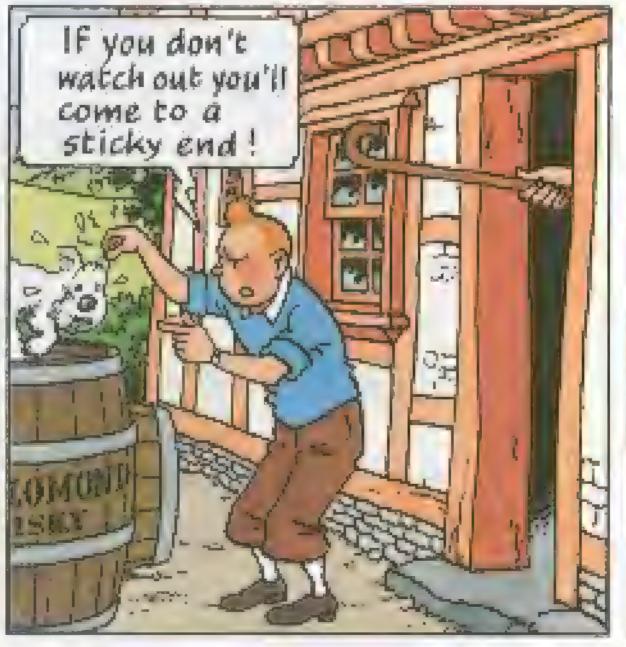








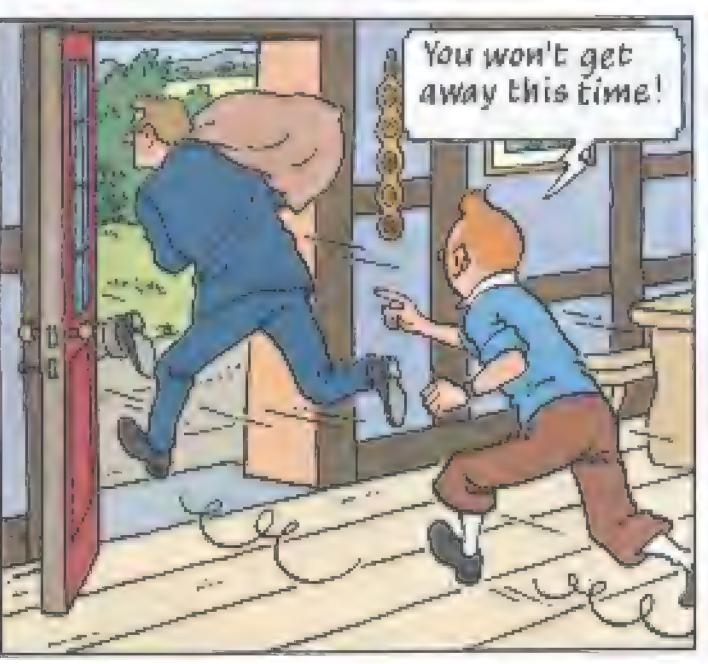


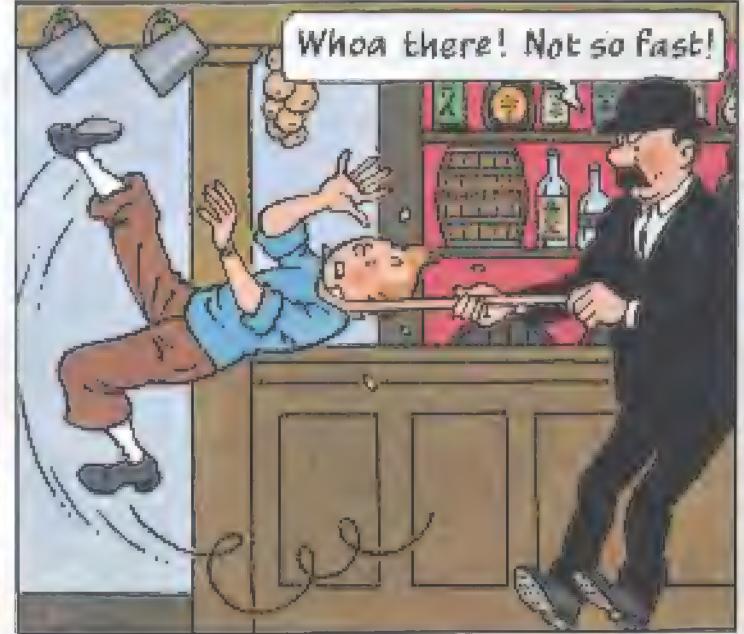




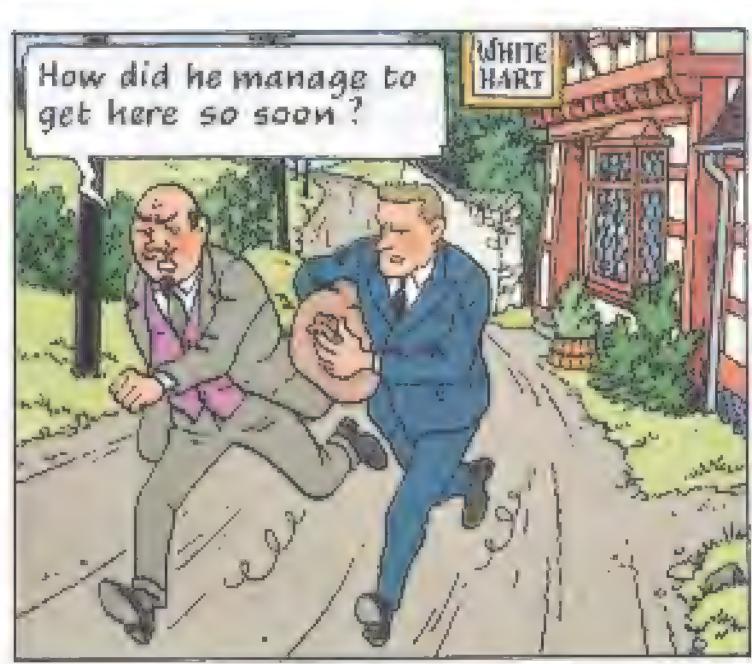


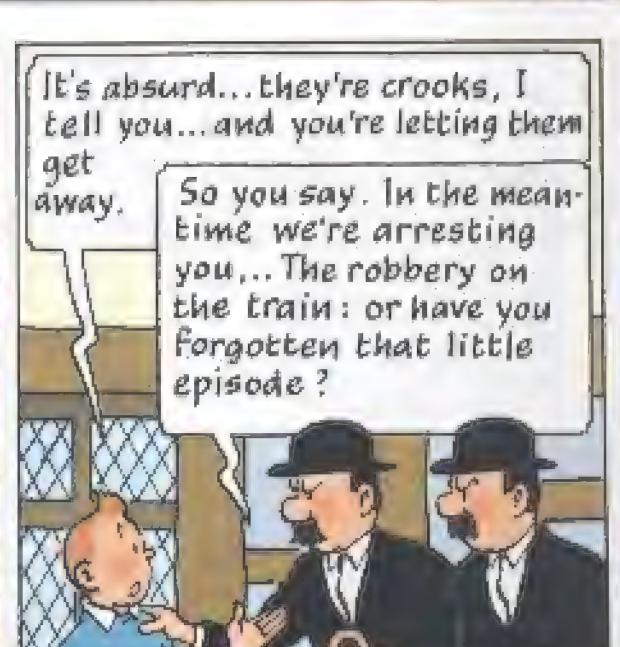


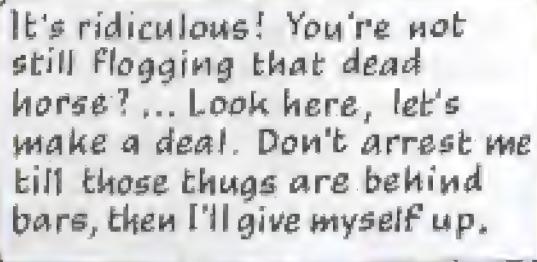






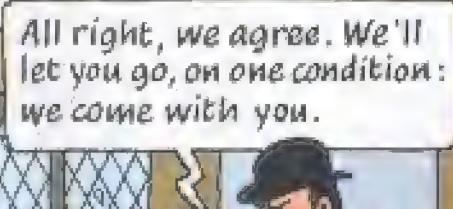




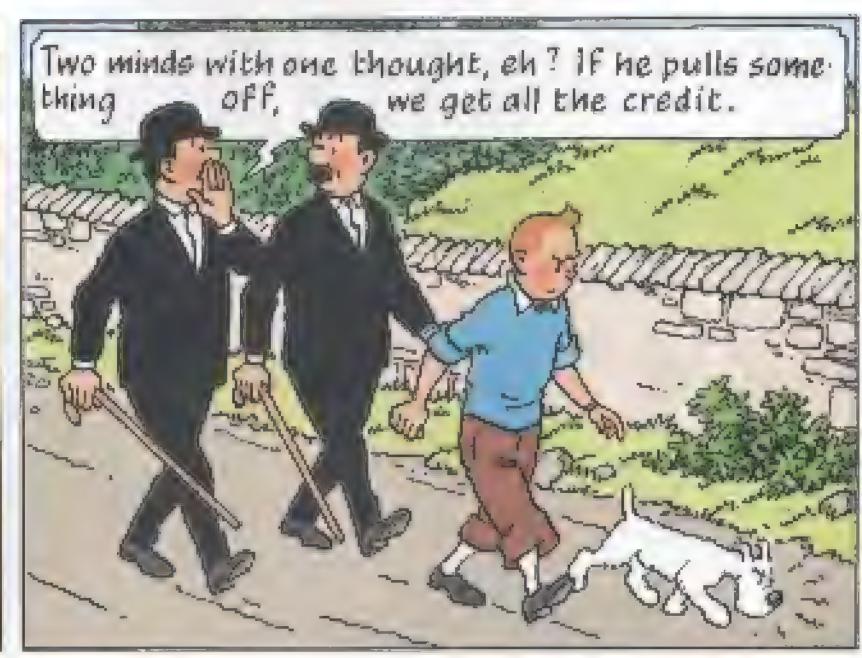


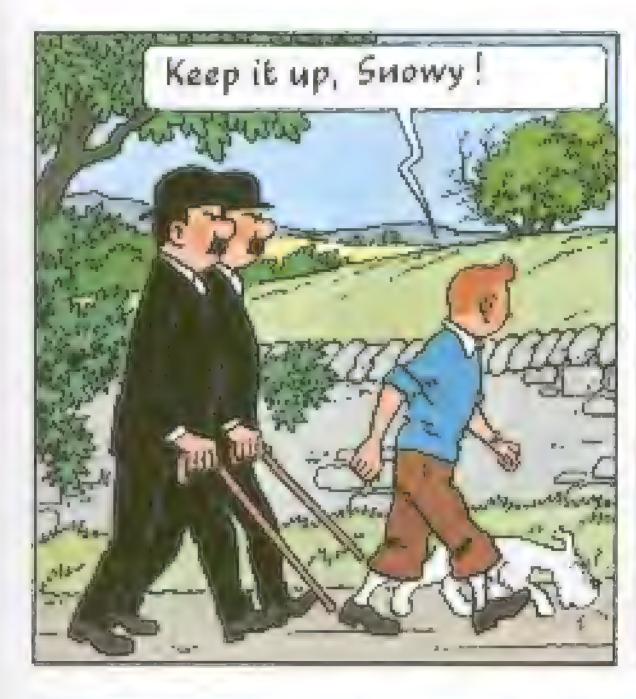








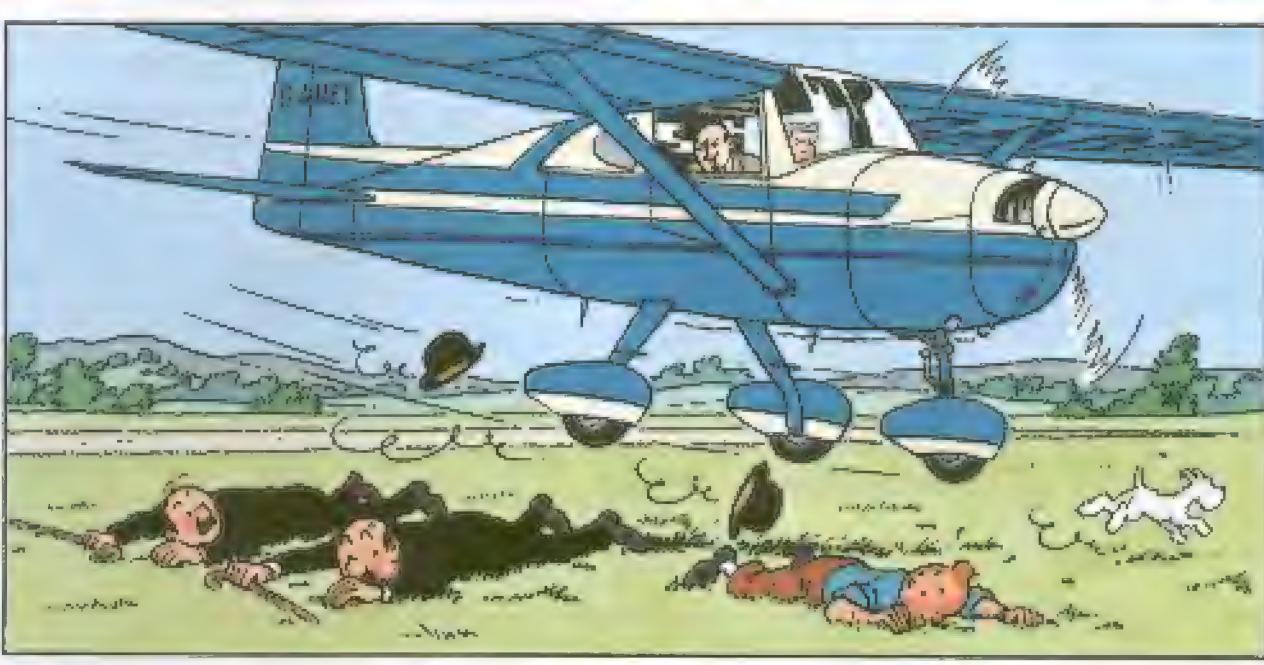


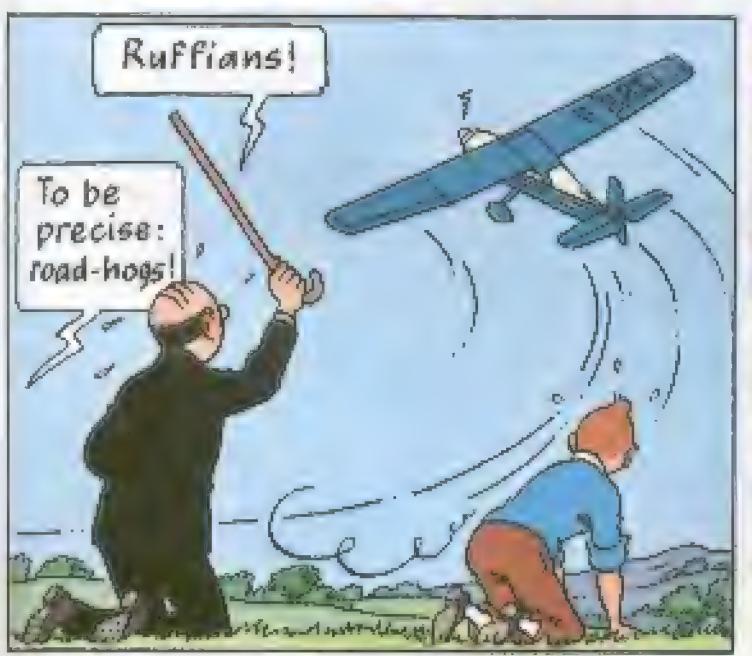




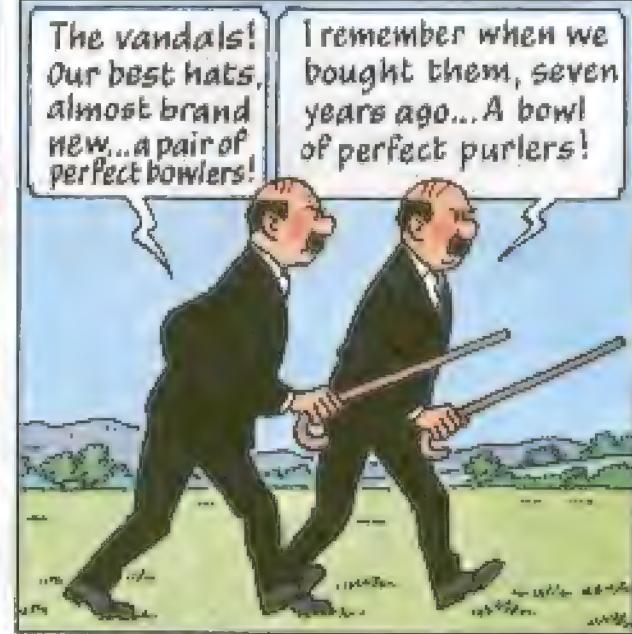


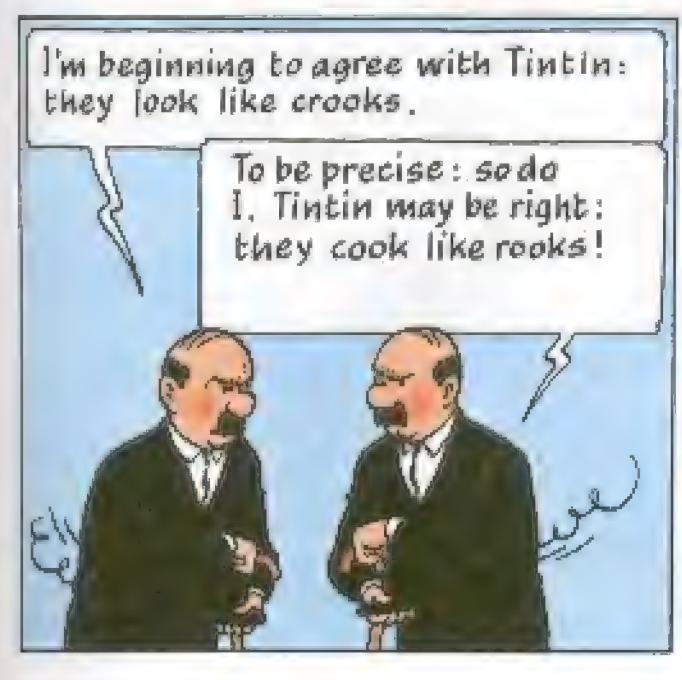










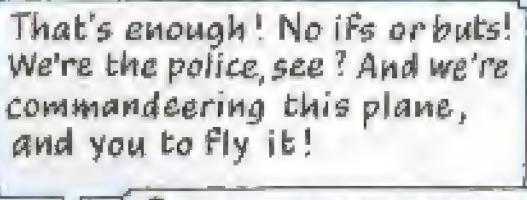




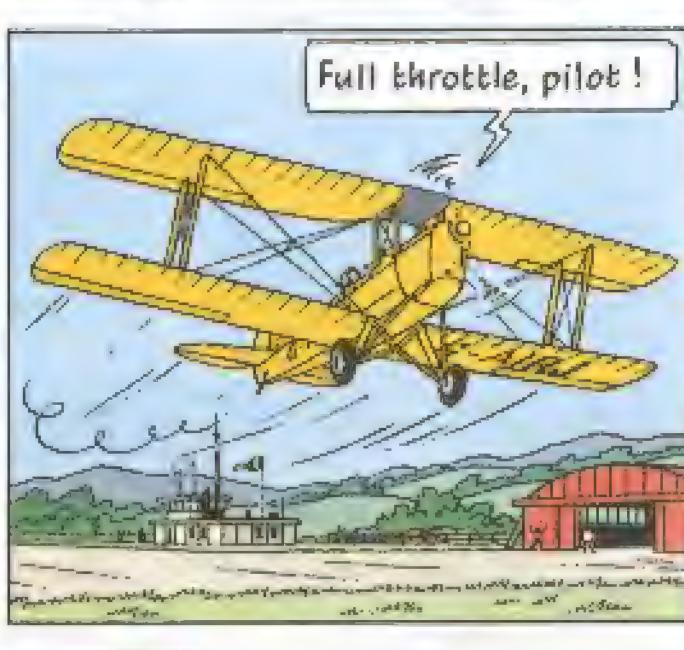










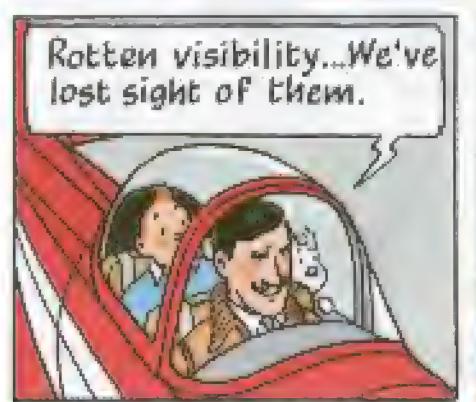


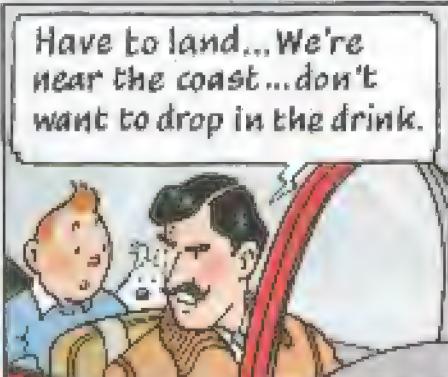








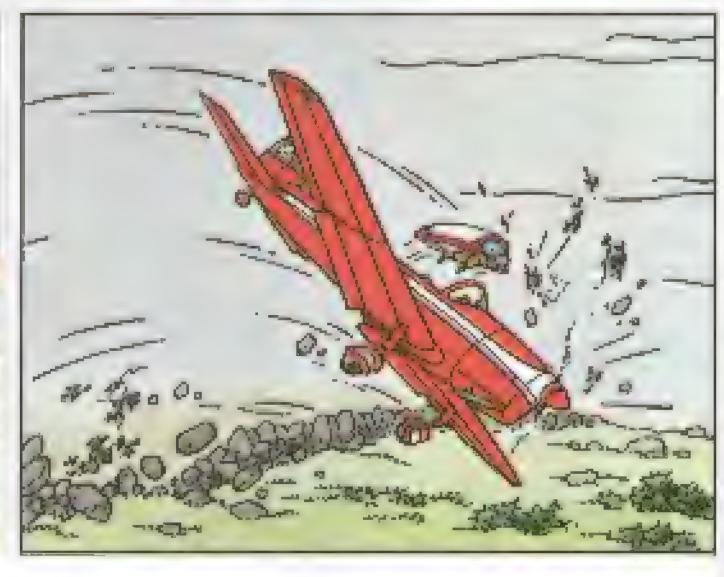


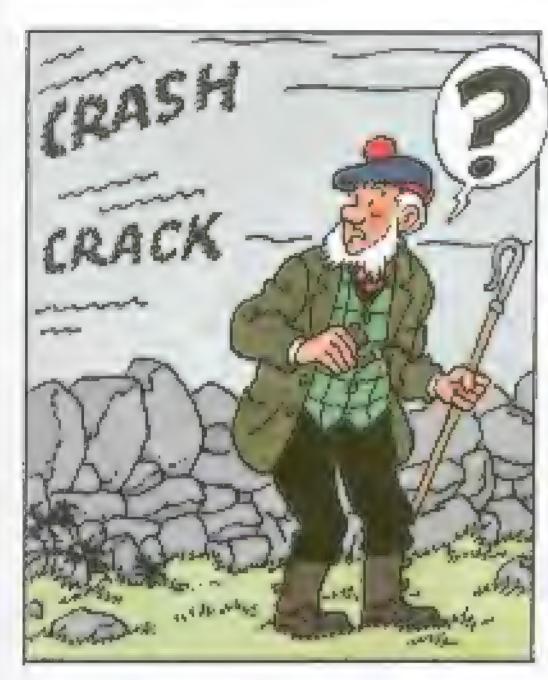














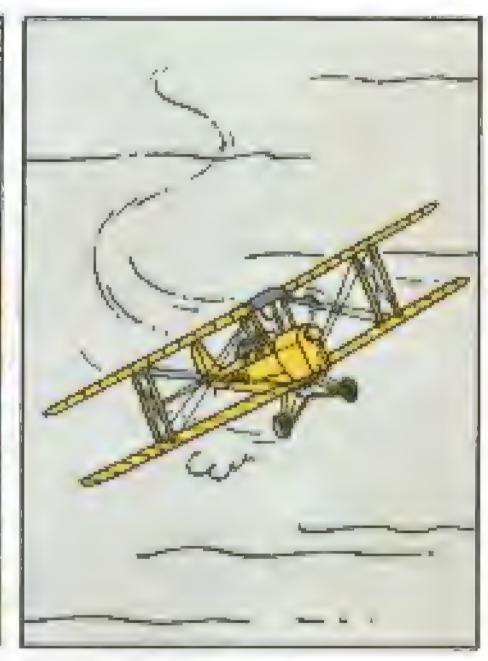




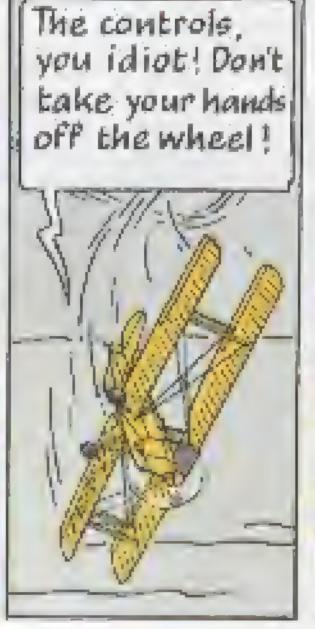




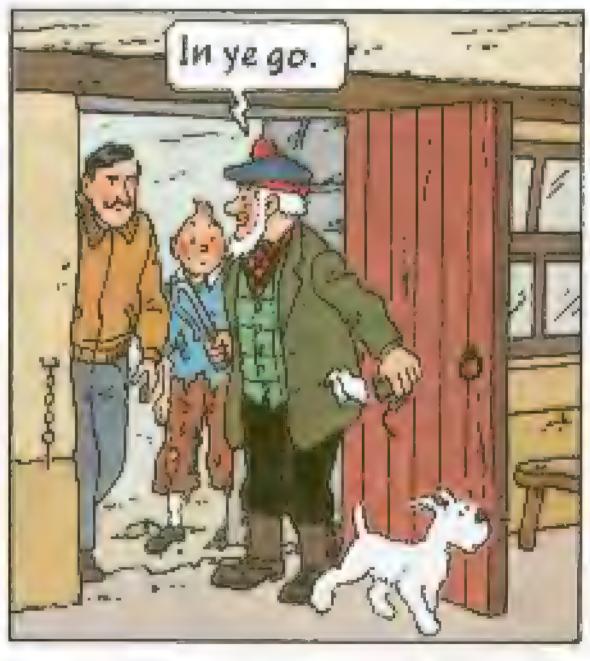


















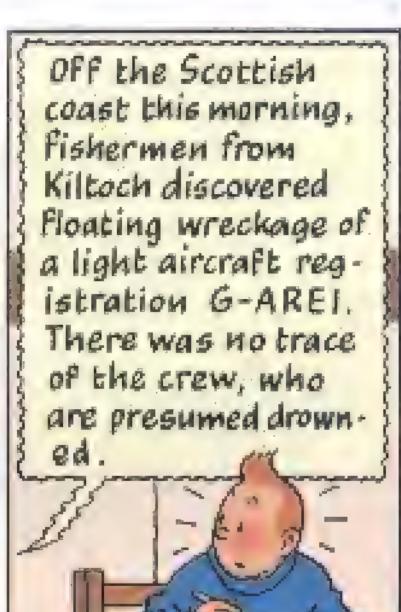






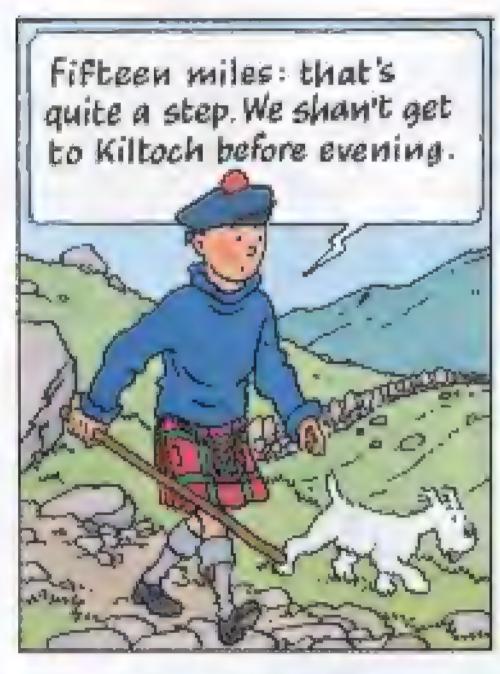








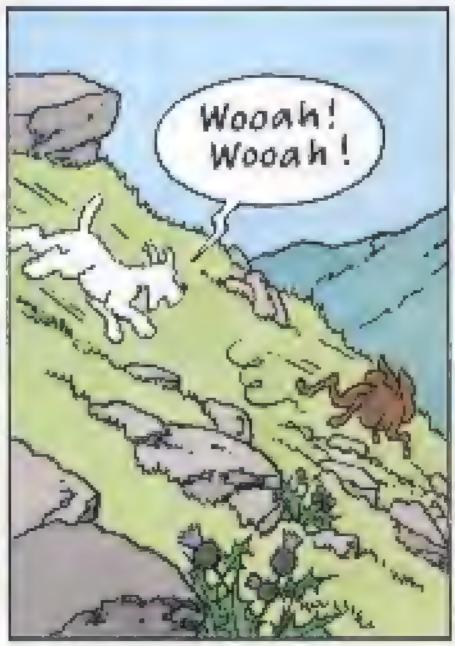






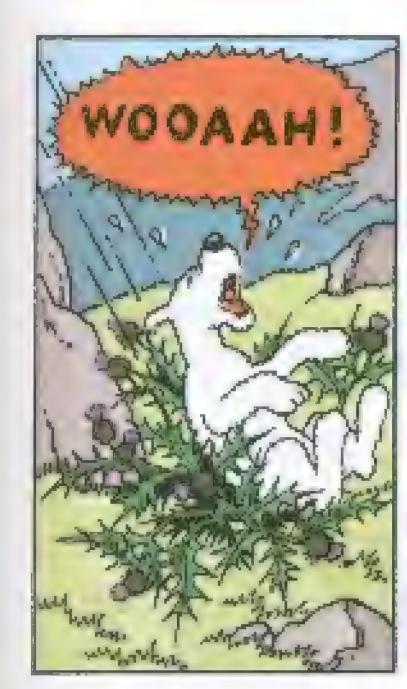


















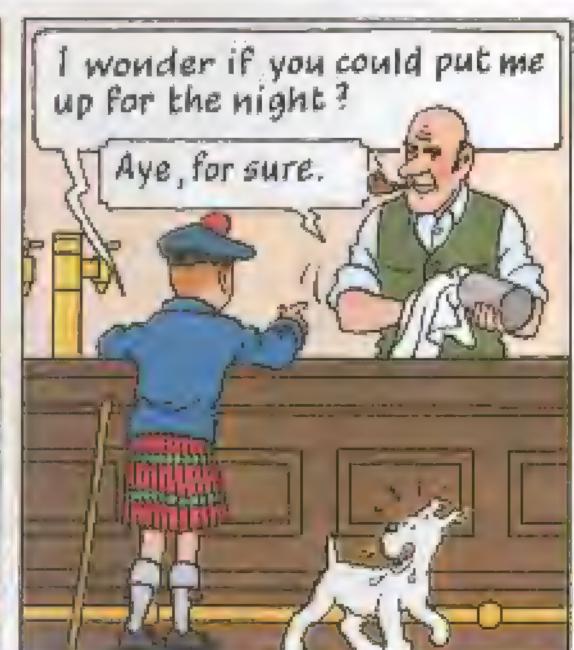


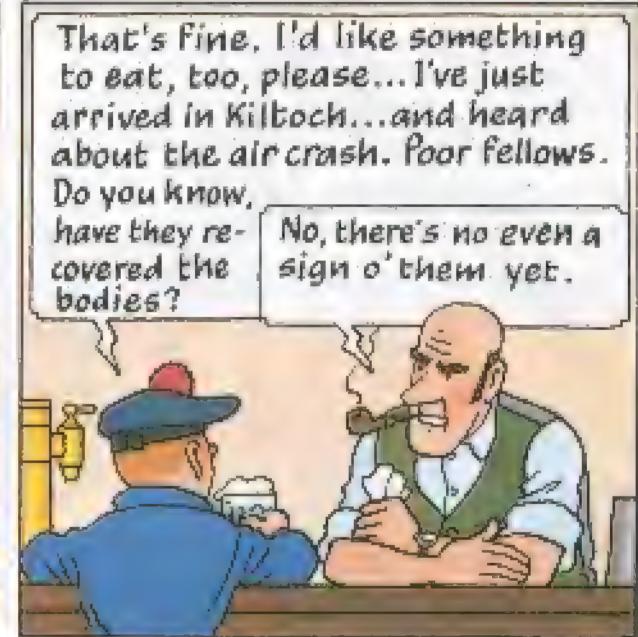




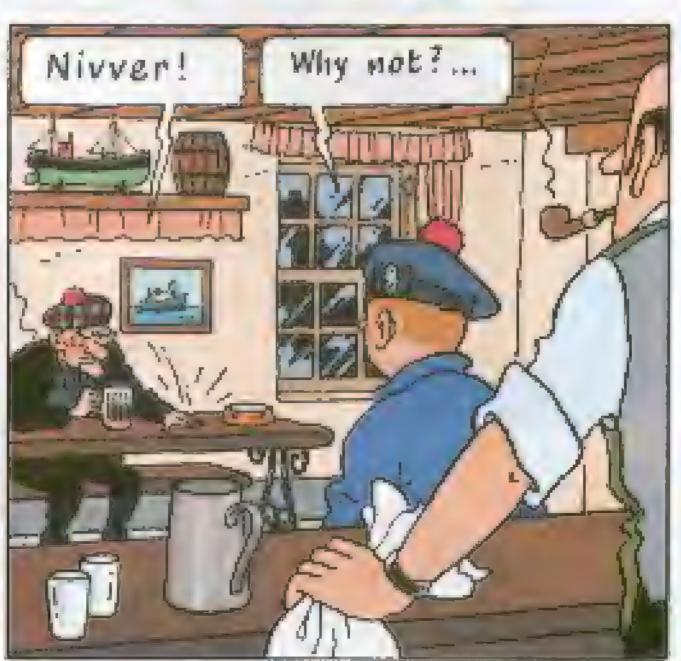


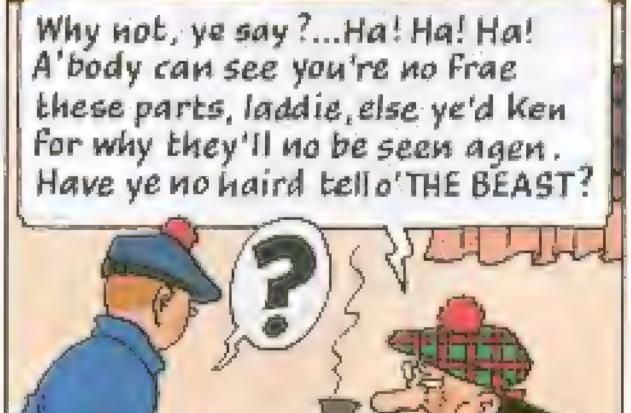


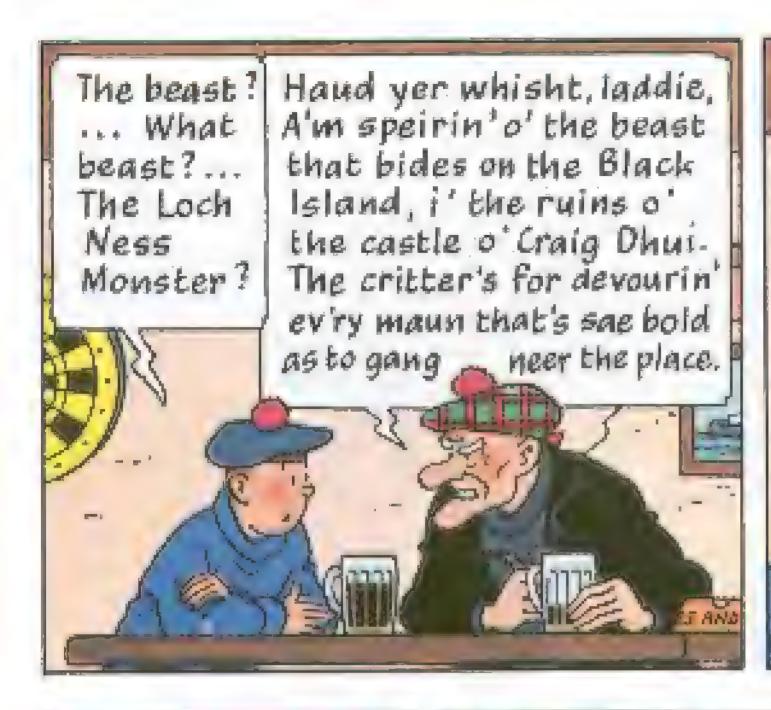












I mind...it'll be three months back, twa young laddies were for explorin' the island, for a'our wurds o' warnin'. They went off in a wee boat. Dead calm it was: not a breath o' wund... And d'ye ken, they were nivver haird of agen!... And it'll be last yeer, a kiltoch fisherman vanished wi' out

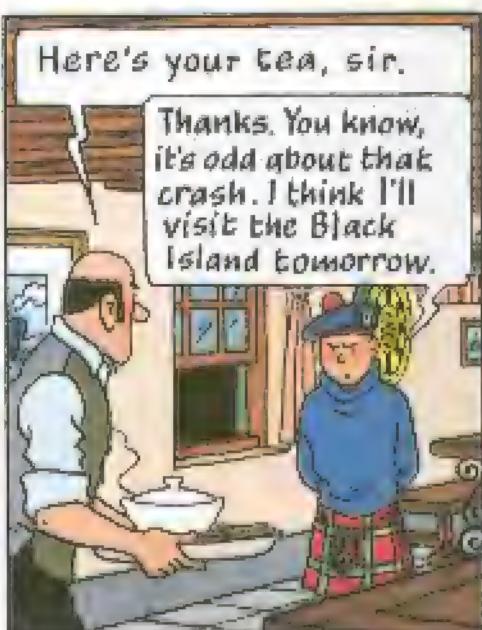
A dreich mist there was that day... Puir MacGregor! 'Tis sure he ran aground on the island... and he's nae been seen sunce! And twa yeers back... och, but there's nae end to the tales o' them that's gone, puir sauls...



Och! 'Tis a terrible beast!...There's times in the nicht, when the wund's frae the sea, ye can heer it...
Whisht! D'ye heer?







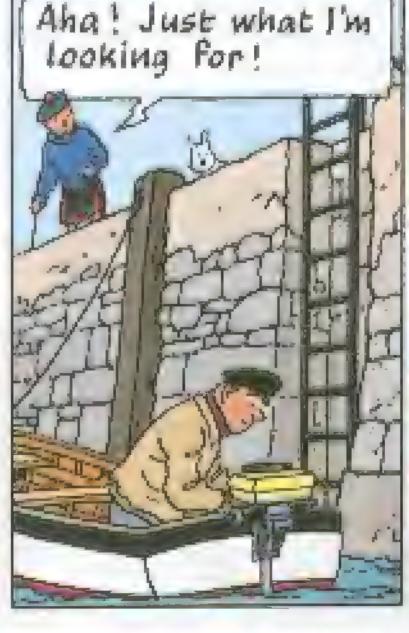


Whit's that? Tak
ye tae the Black
Island?... No for
a' the bawbees i'
the wurld! A'm no
for deein' yet, laddie!

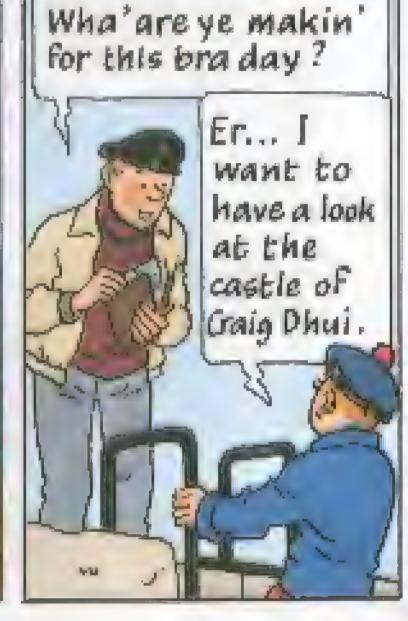




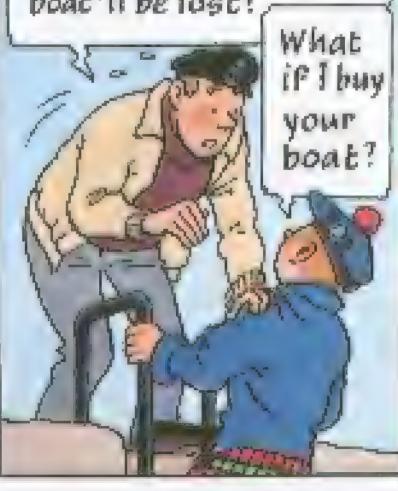


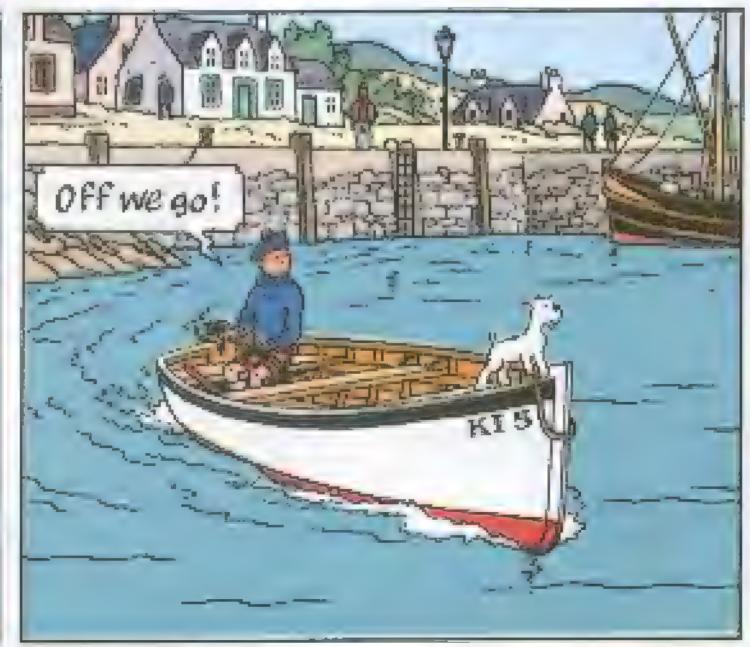




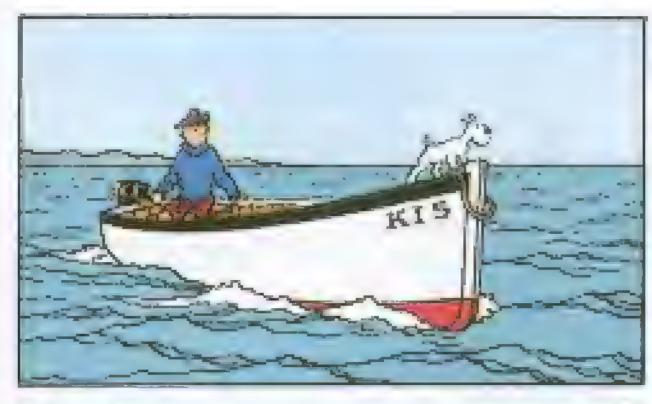


The Black Island?
Nae fear! Ye'll no come
back agen and ma
boat'll be lost!
What



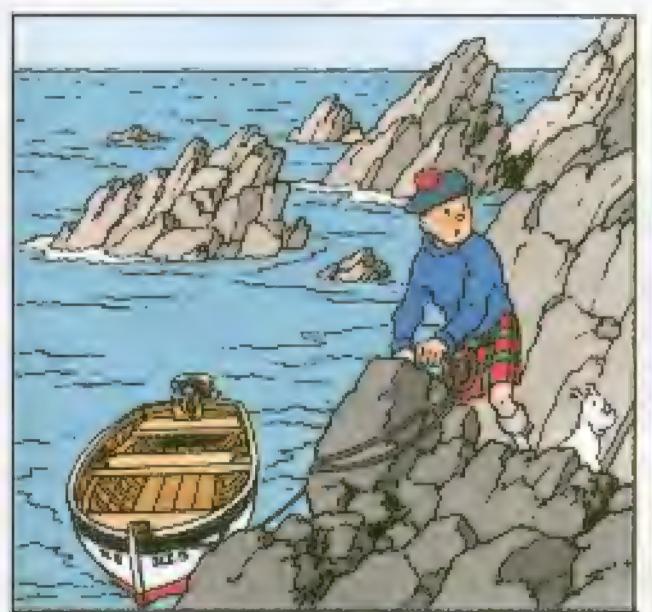








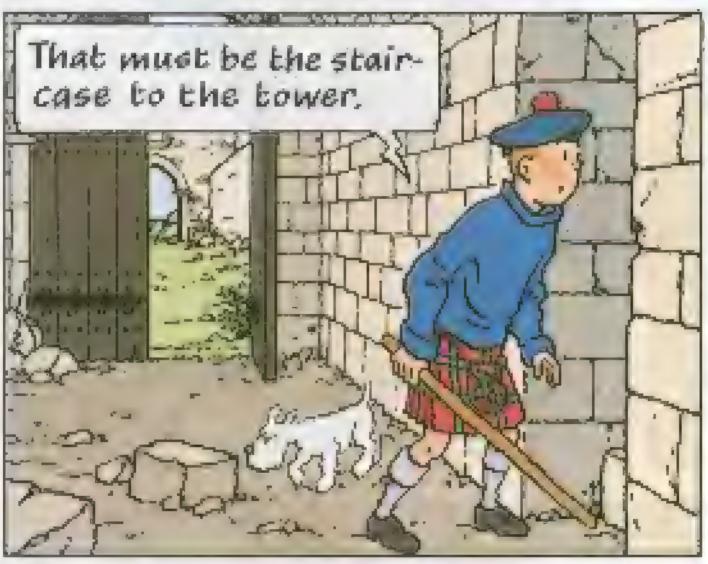


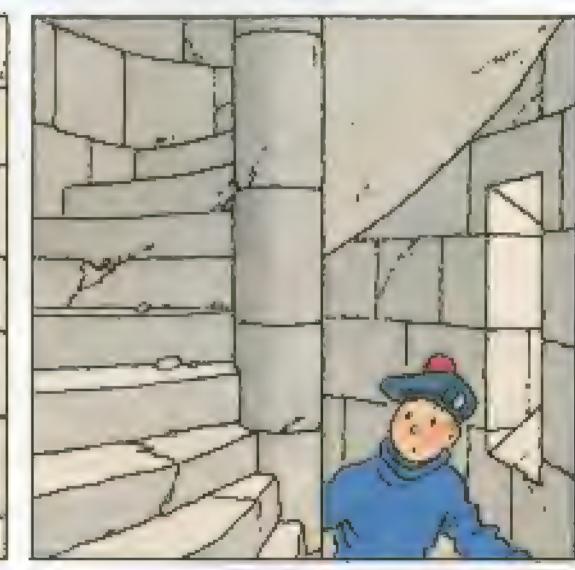




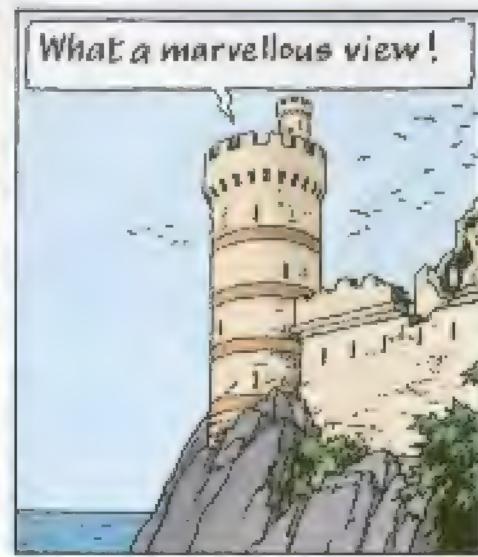
























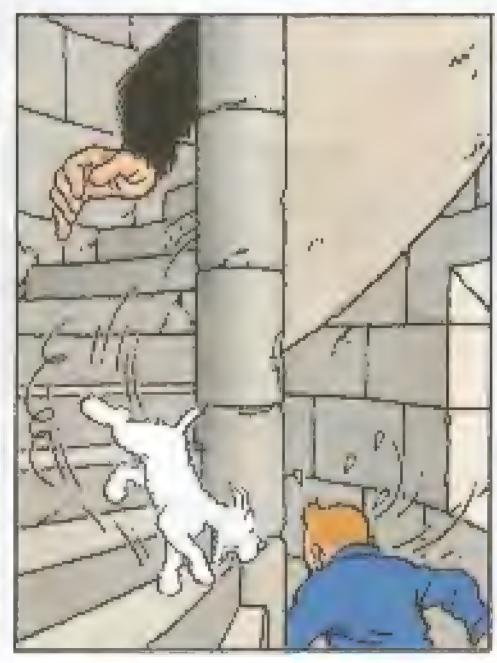
























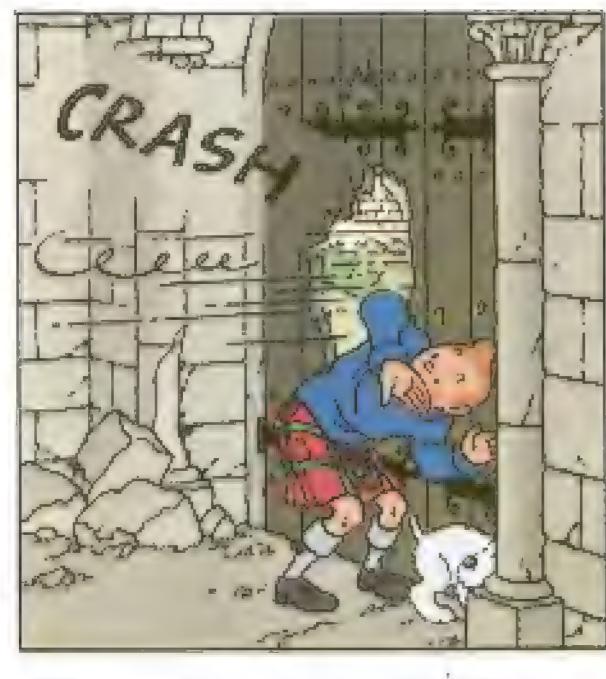












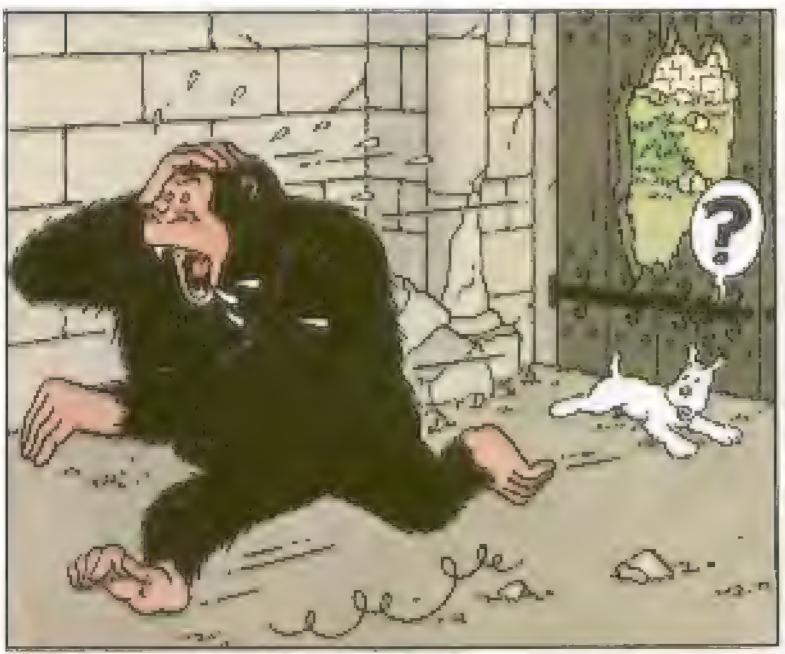
















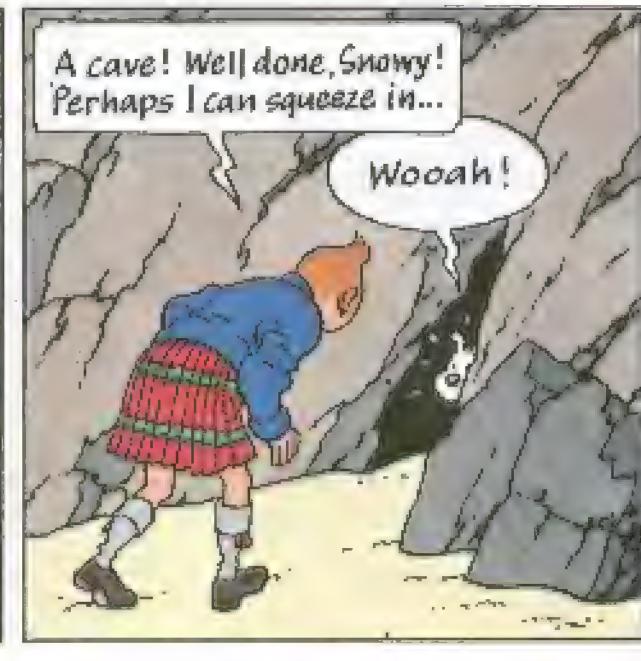


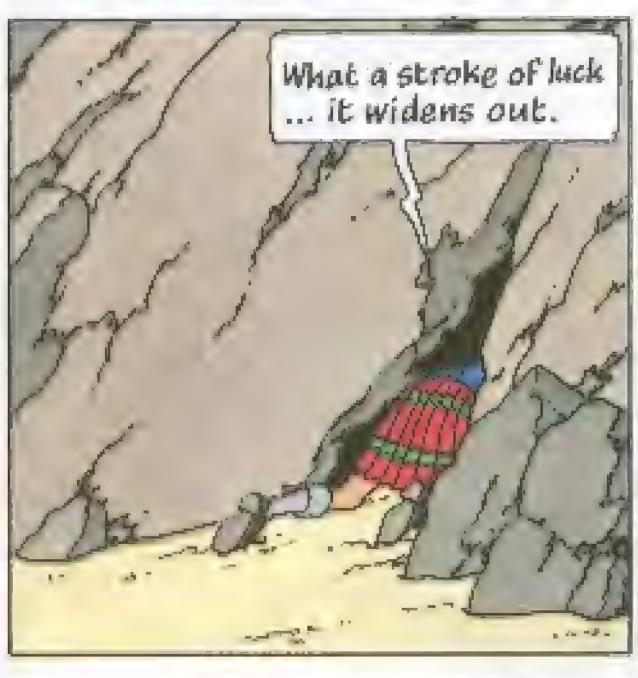




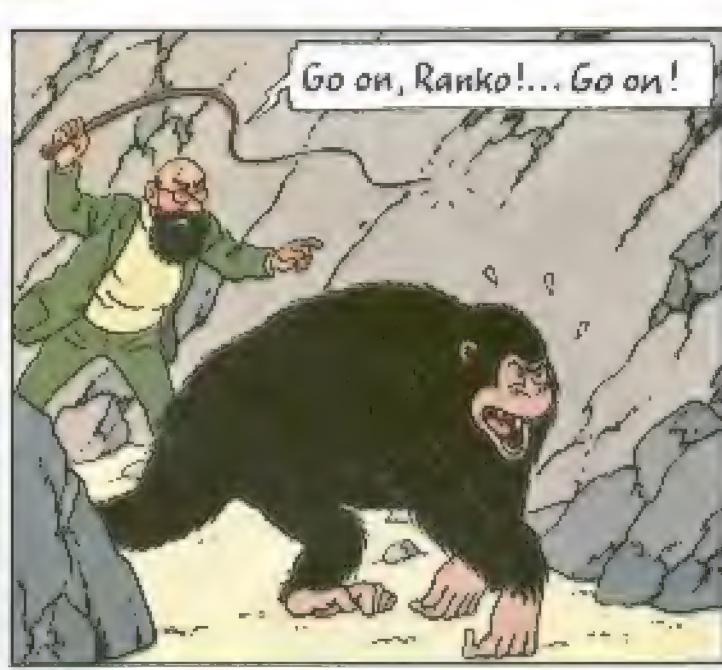






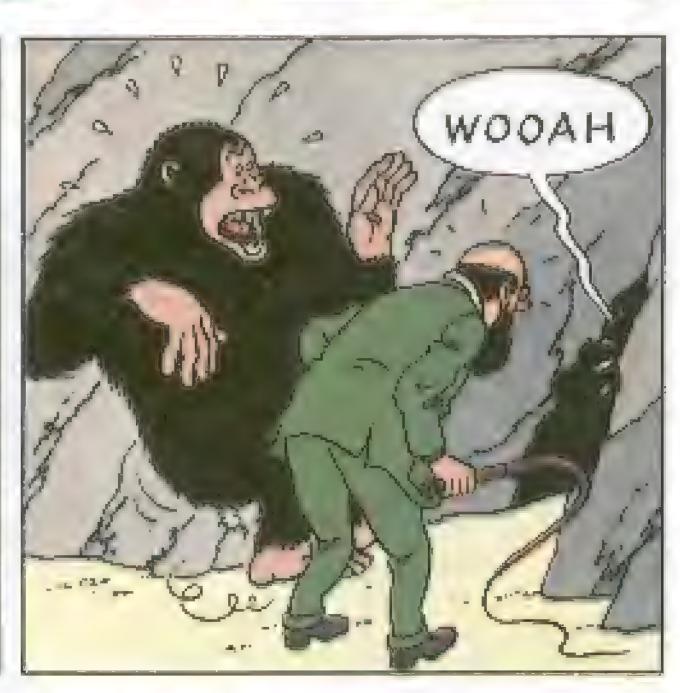












Congratulations, my dear Tintin, you've made a brilliant getaway ...You even managed to evade our faithful Ranko...You are quite safe in your cave... Except...



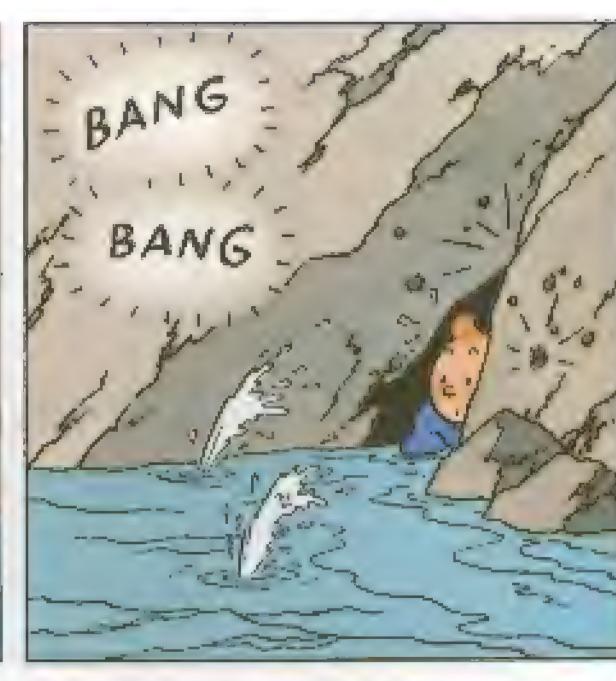
There's one enemy you won't escape:
the sea, my dear Tintin. You have forgotten the sea. The tide is rising.
Unless you prefer to come out and
meet little Ranko again, you'll drown
in your hole like a rat!

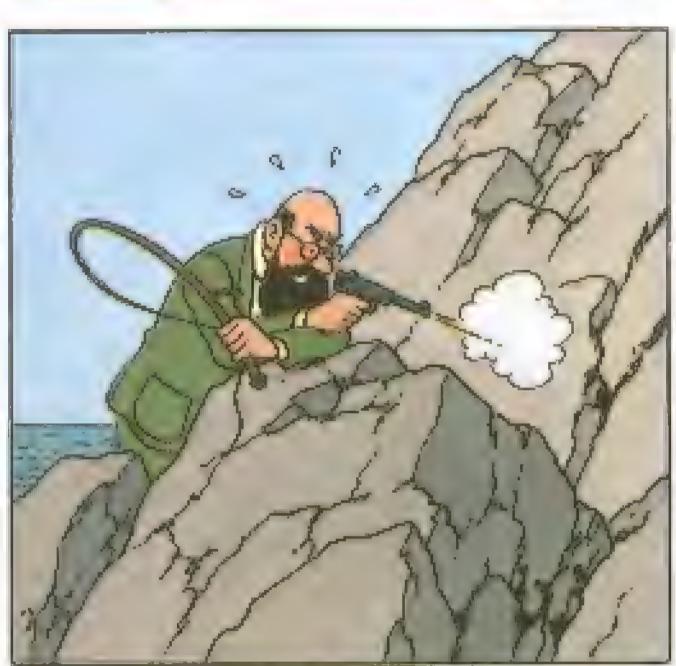




















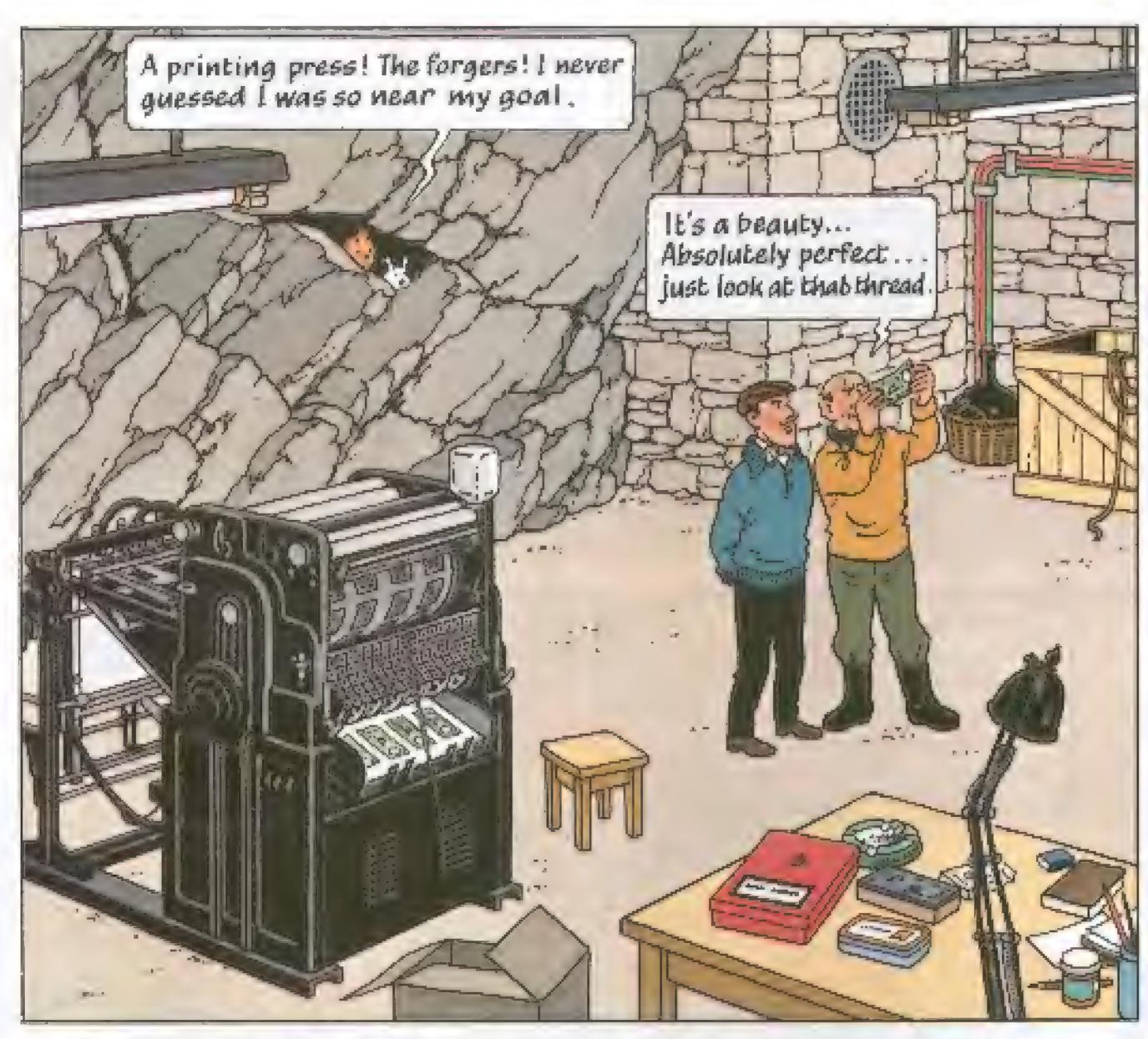




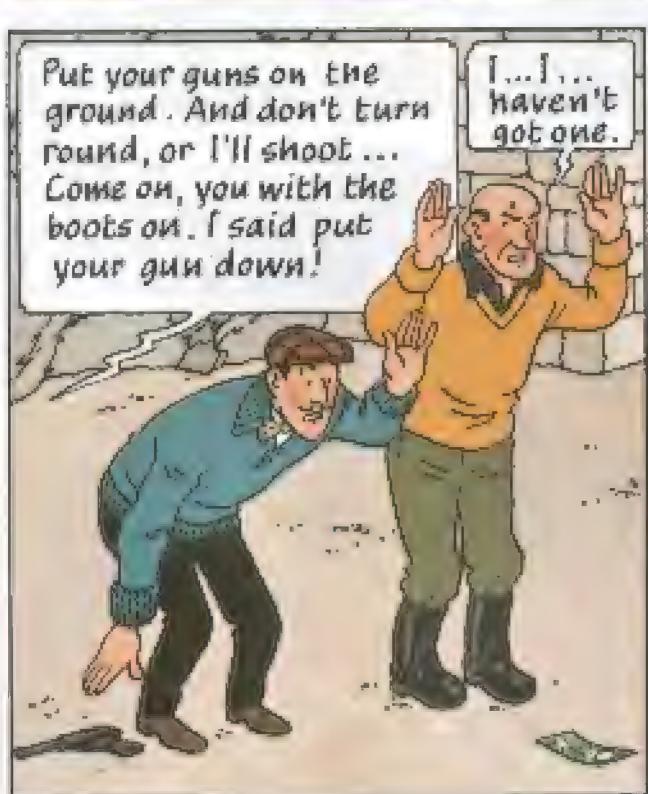
























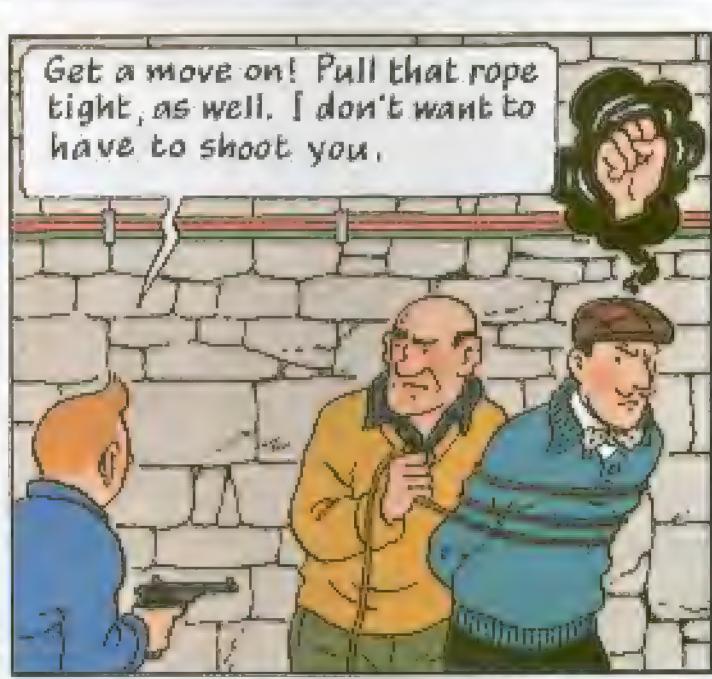






That's enough horseplay.
There's a coil of rope over there. You, puss-in-boots, bring it here and tie up your friend with the whiskers.
And make a good job of it!





Your turn now...There, that 'll do... It's amazing how quickly thugs come to their senses at the wrong end of a loaded gun.



A loaded gun ?? ... Of all the stupid clods!... I've just think of that! remembered: there's no ammunition in my pistol!

Great snakes! He's right. It's completely empty!



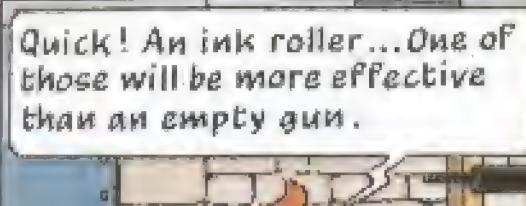
Go ahead...threaten
us! Words won't
keep us quiet...
Aren't you forgetting that gun isn't
loaded?

Maybe. But there's more than one way of using an automatic...!'ll demonstrate!













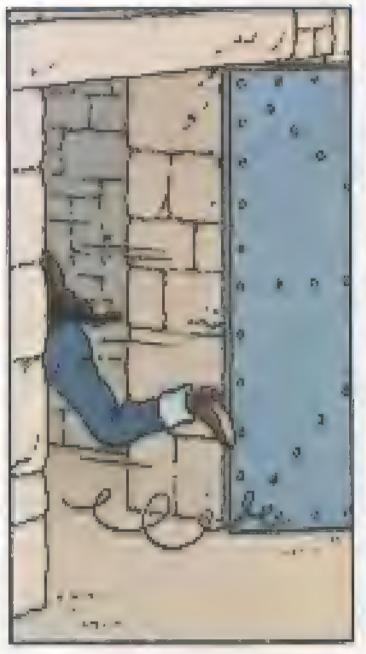


This is Tintin's handiwork, and no

mistake! The schweinhund made off when he heard us coming. Go and warn the boss ... And

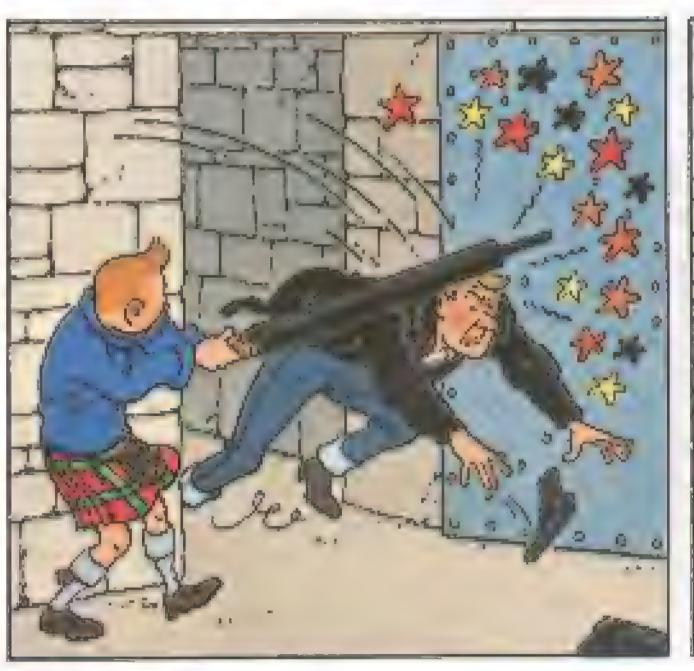
My old friends
... Dr Müller
... and his
man Ivan!

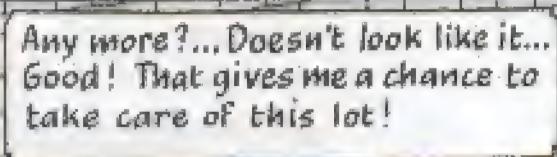








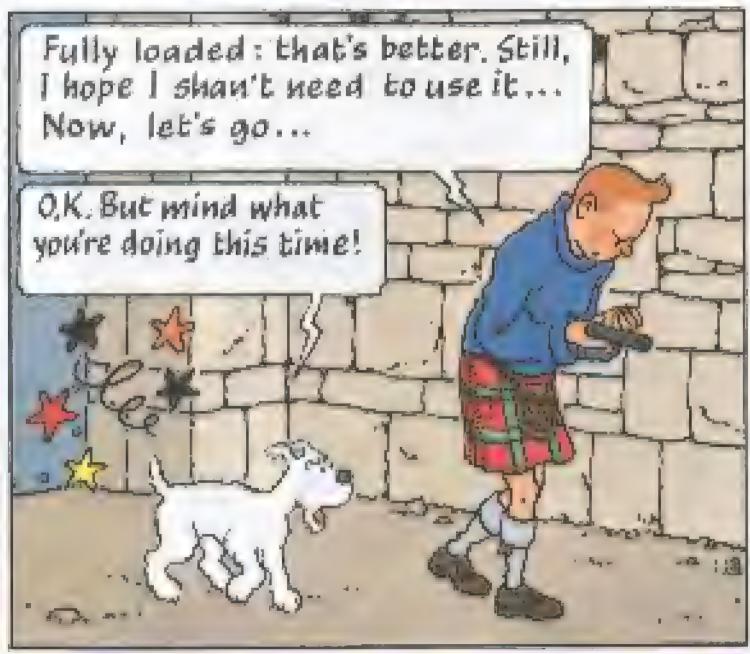


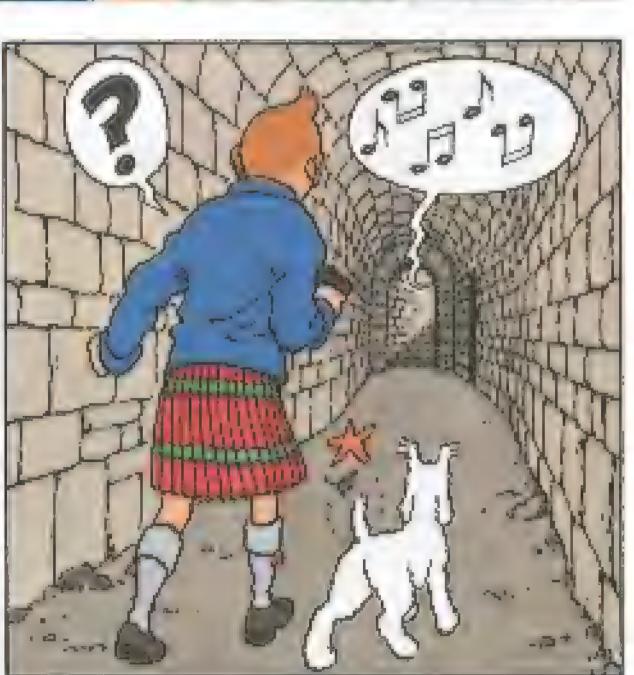




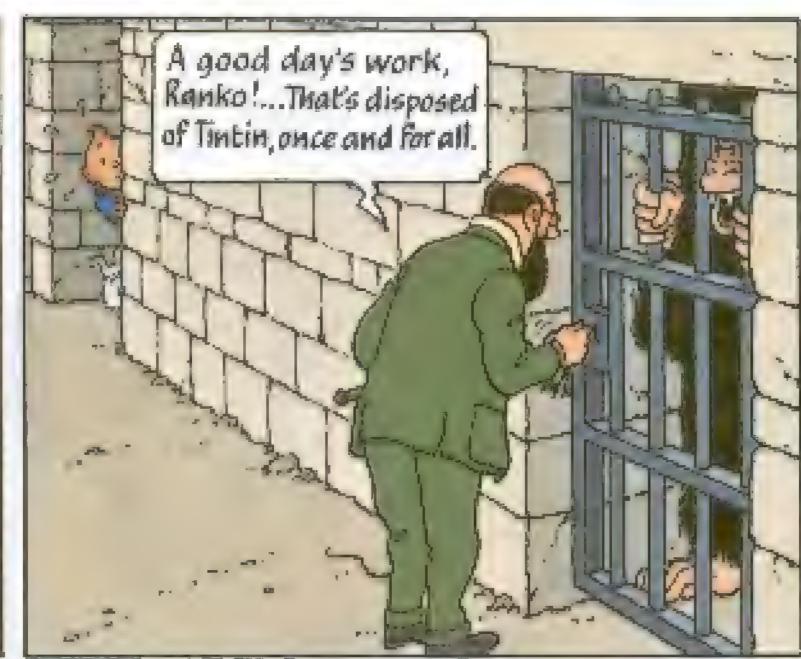




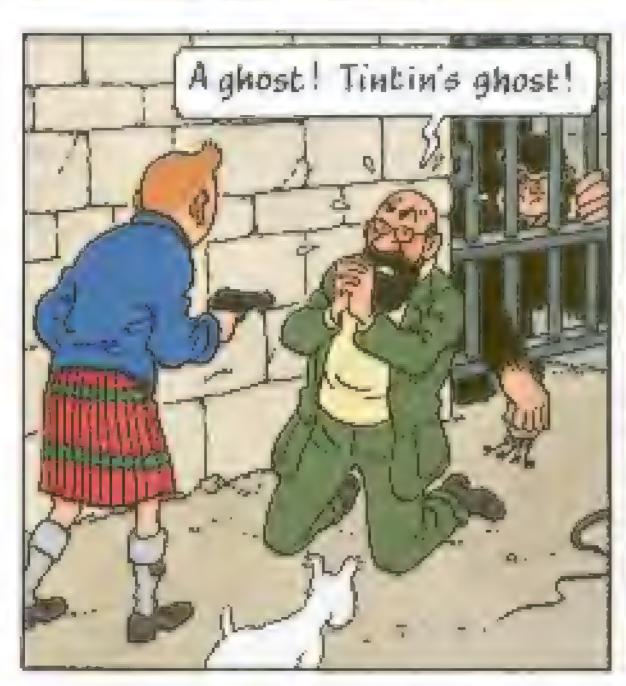










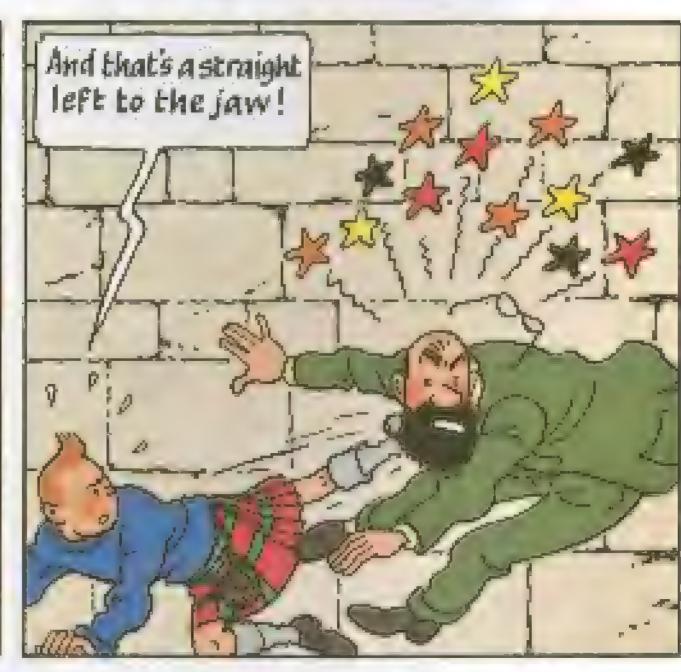


































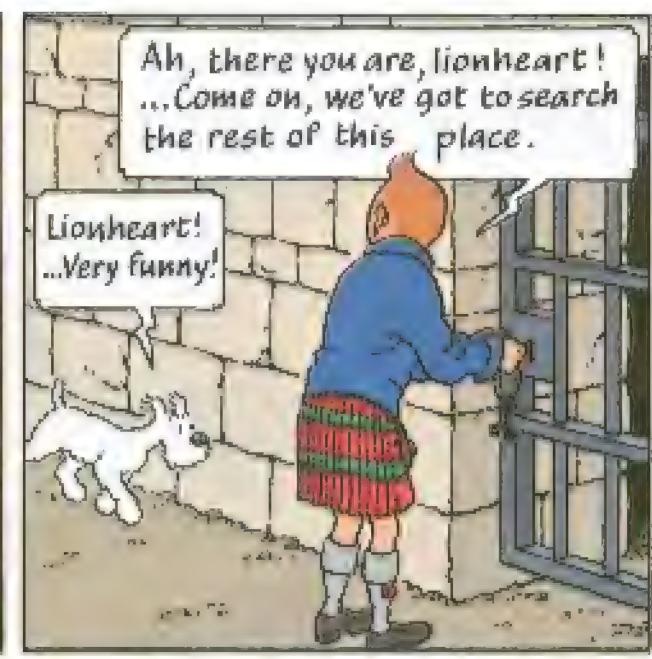












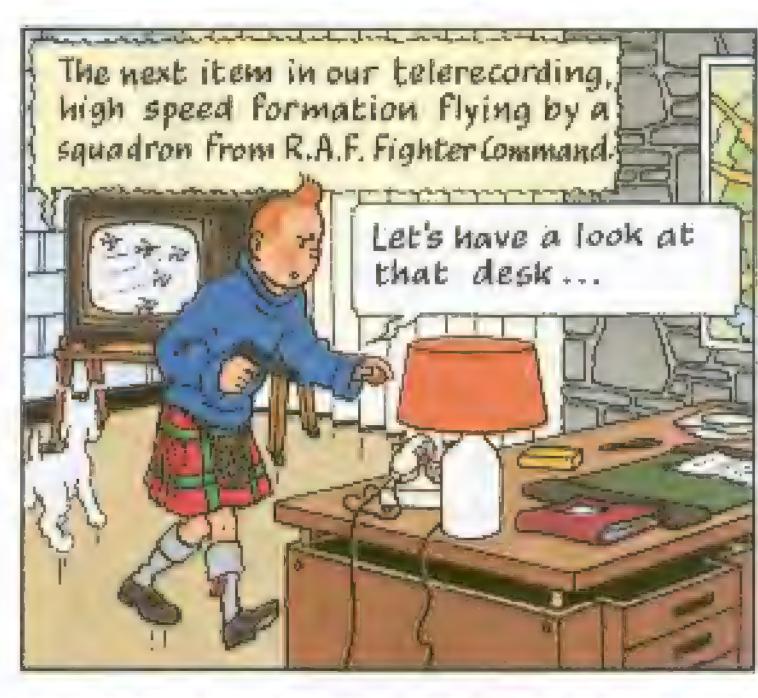


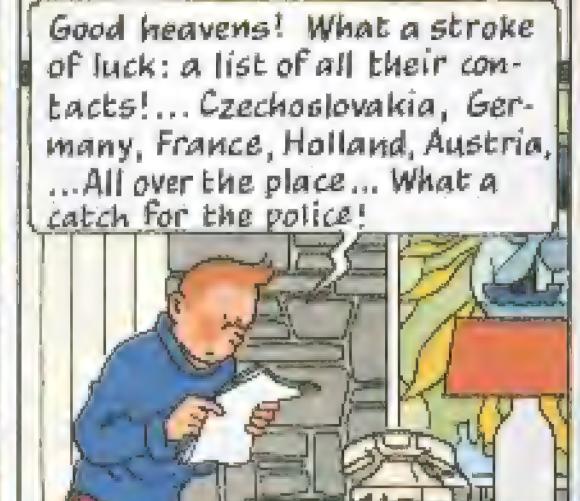


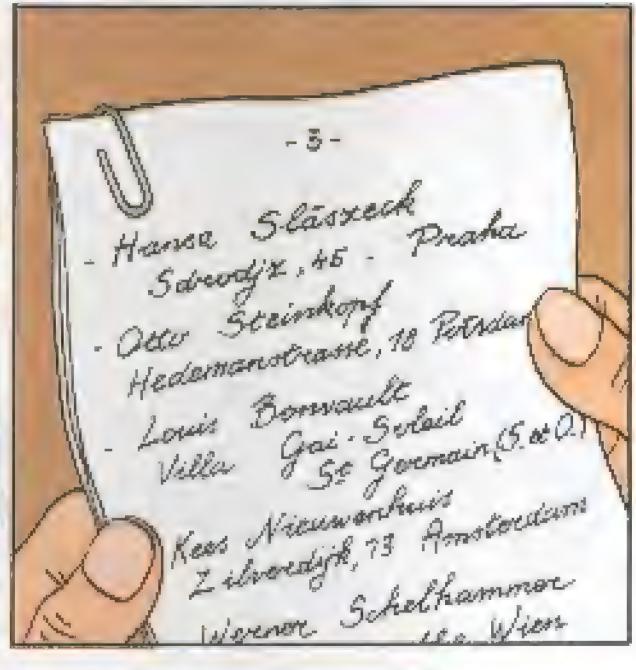


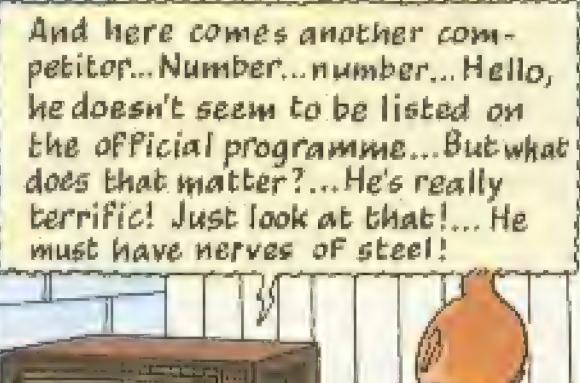




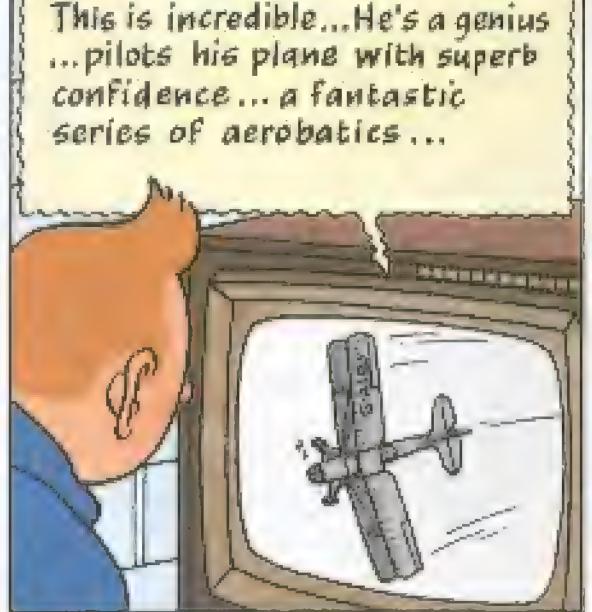


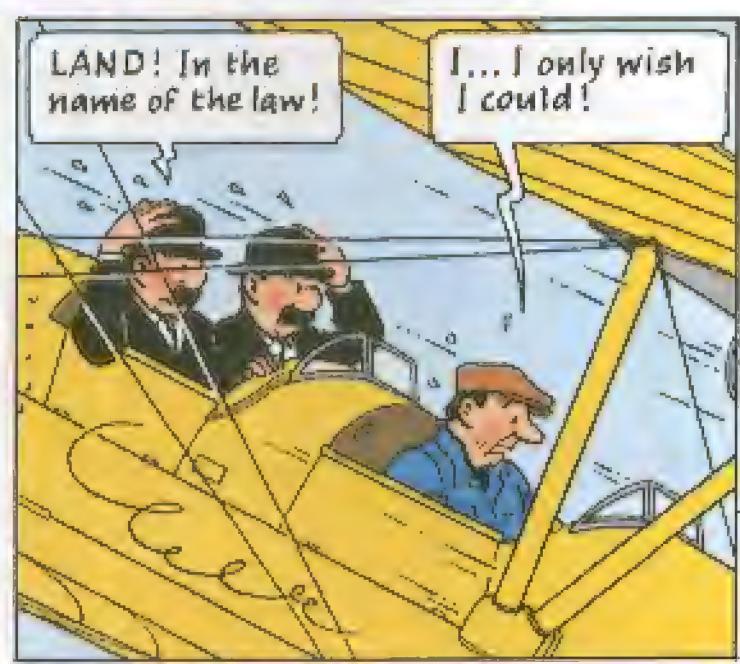








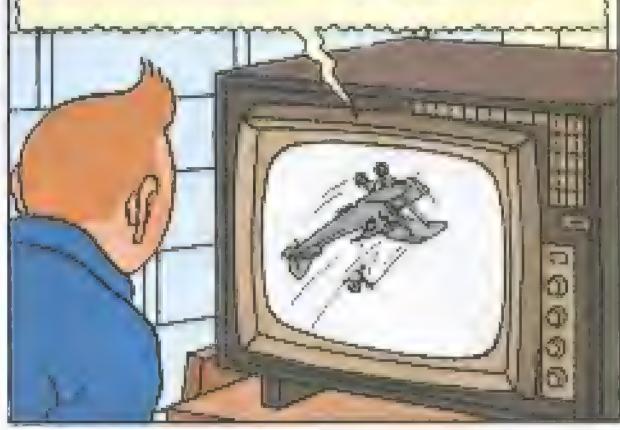








Now he's heading for the ground again... and into another flawless loop he goes, then... Good heavens! one of the passengers has slipped out of his seat... This is terrible!

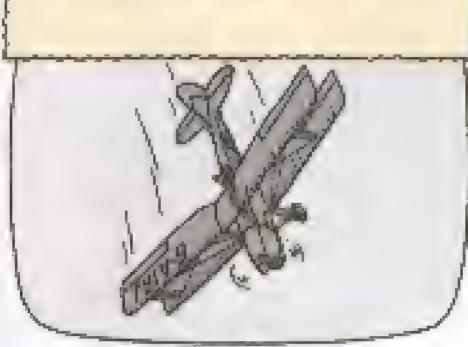




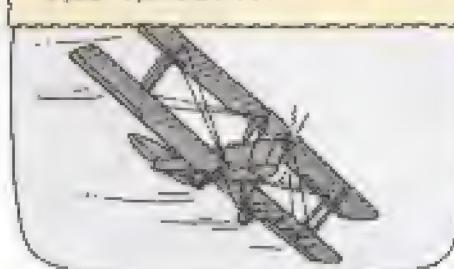




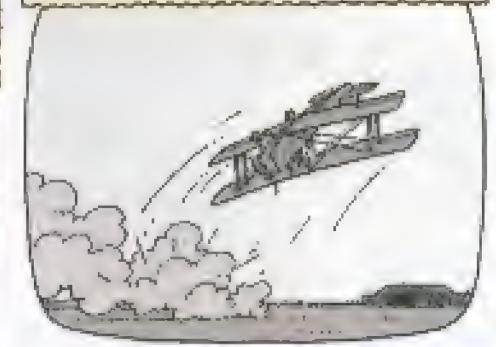
Whem! What a stunt! That really had us fooled!



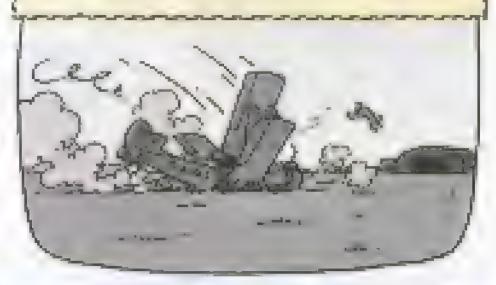
And this time he really is coming down... He's going to land... He's cut the motor...



He touches down... the plane bounces...



...and does one last, hair-raising somersault before it comes to rest in the centre of the field.

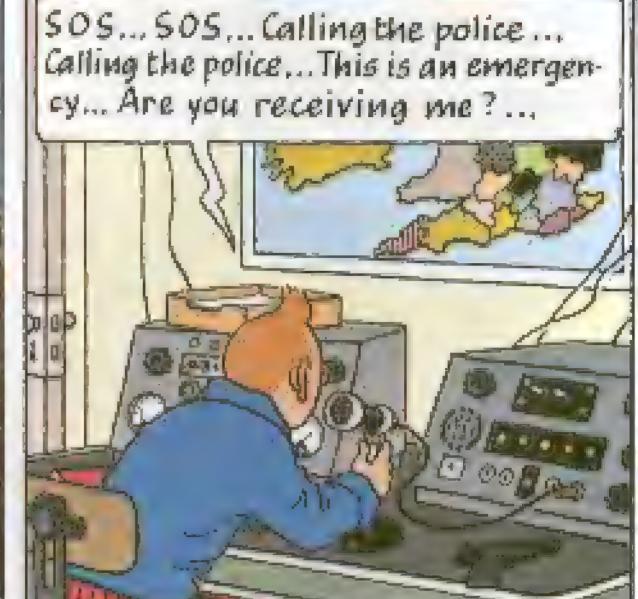












Police control
... Police control... We are
receiving you
loud and clear
... Come in please.

It's that secret transmitter...
The one we've been hunting for the past three months...





Tintin calling the police...Tintin calling...
I'm on the Black Island, off Kiltoch. I've rounded up a gang of forgers and am holding them here. Canyou send a squad to pick them up?... Over!



Police control... Police control... Message received and understood. We will send help at once. Good luck, Tintin!... We'll keep in touch with you... Over and



Well, that's that! The police will be here soon, then we'll be able to say goodbye to the Black Island.





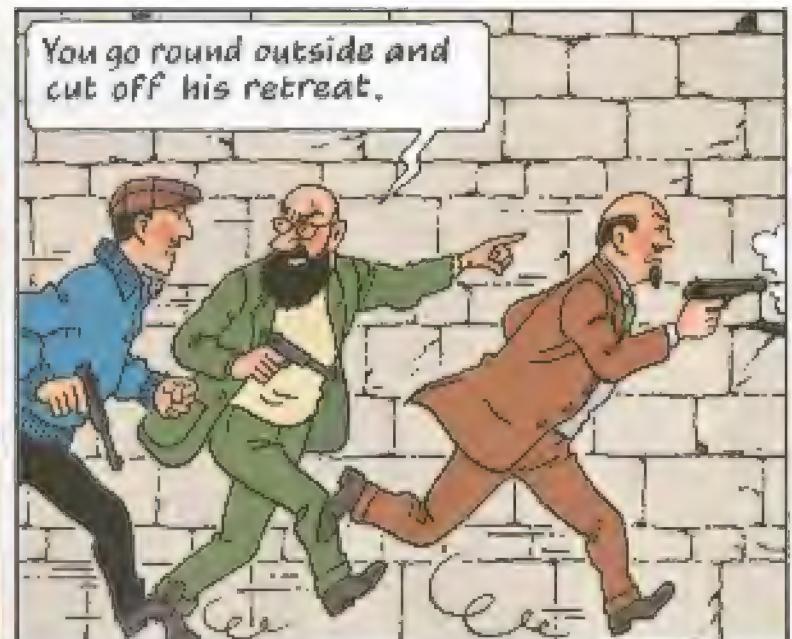
Now we're for it!...The others will all be loose, as well; we shall have the whole gang after us!

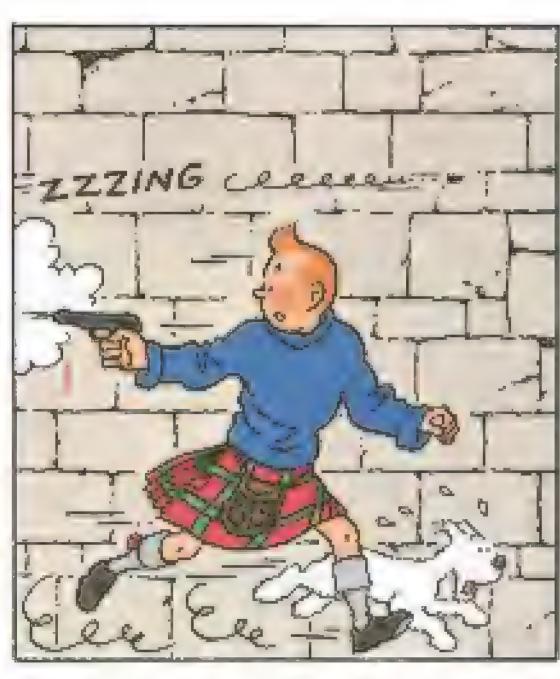






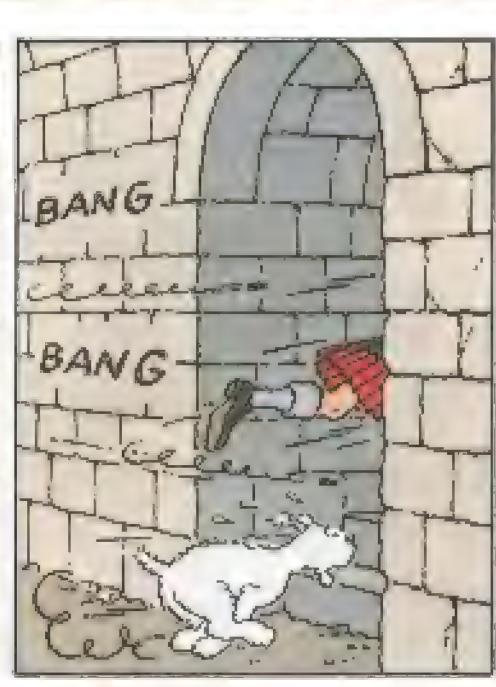


















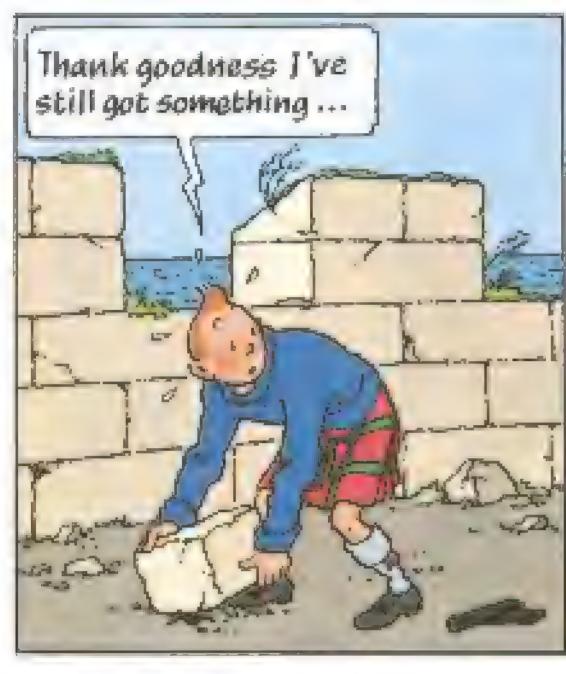






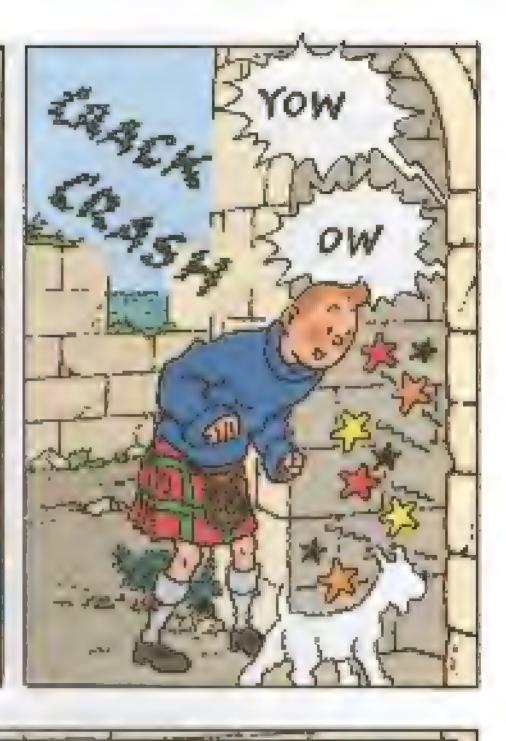




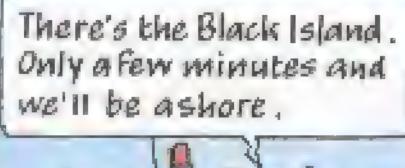










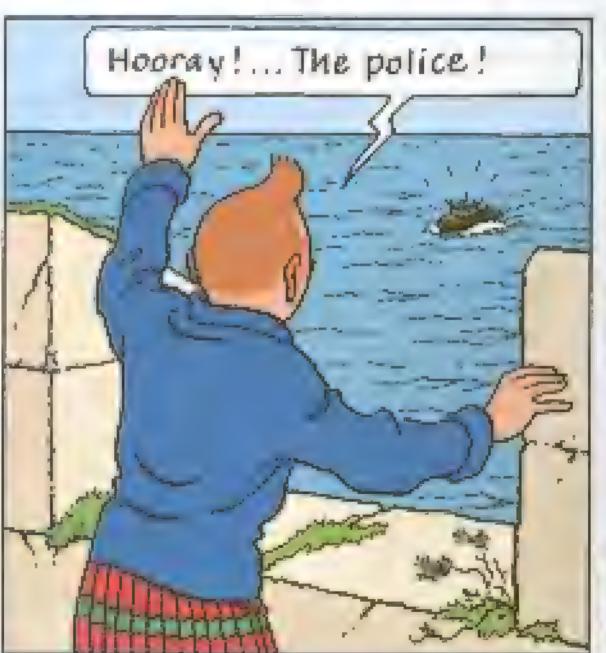






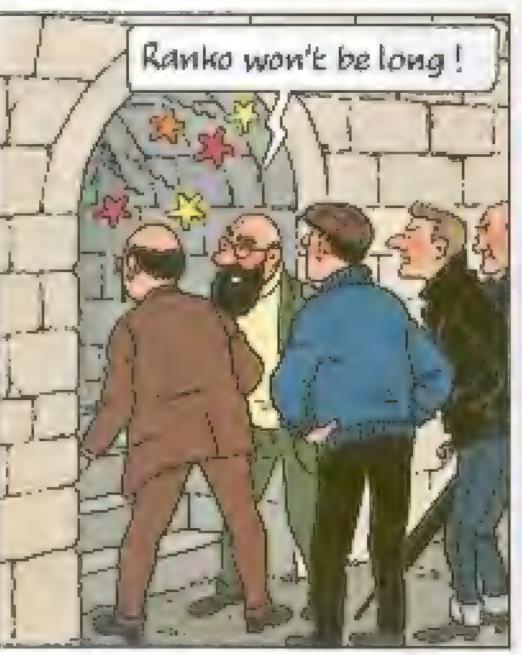










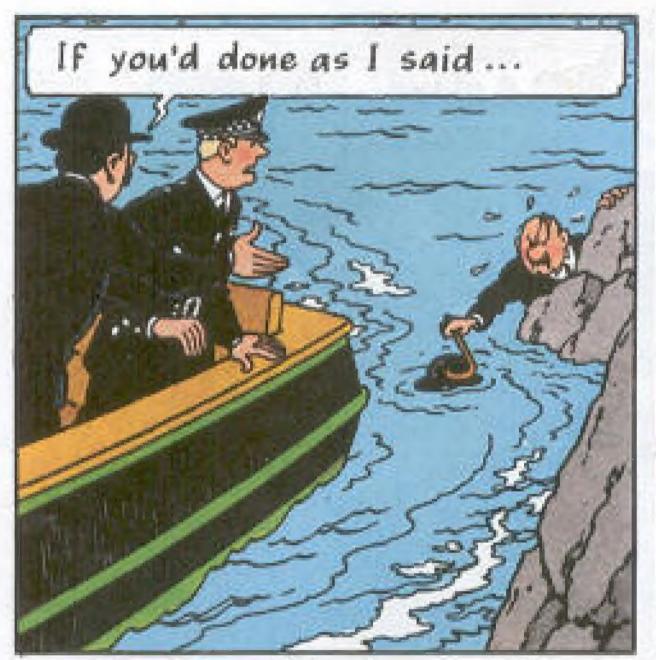






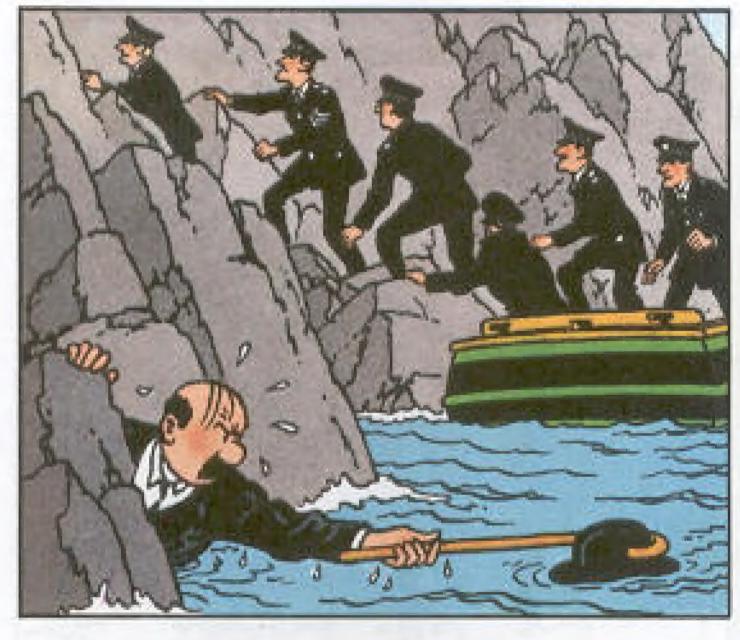






















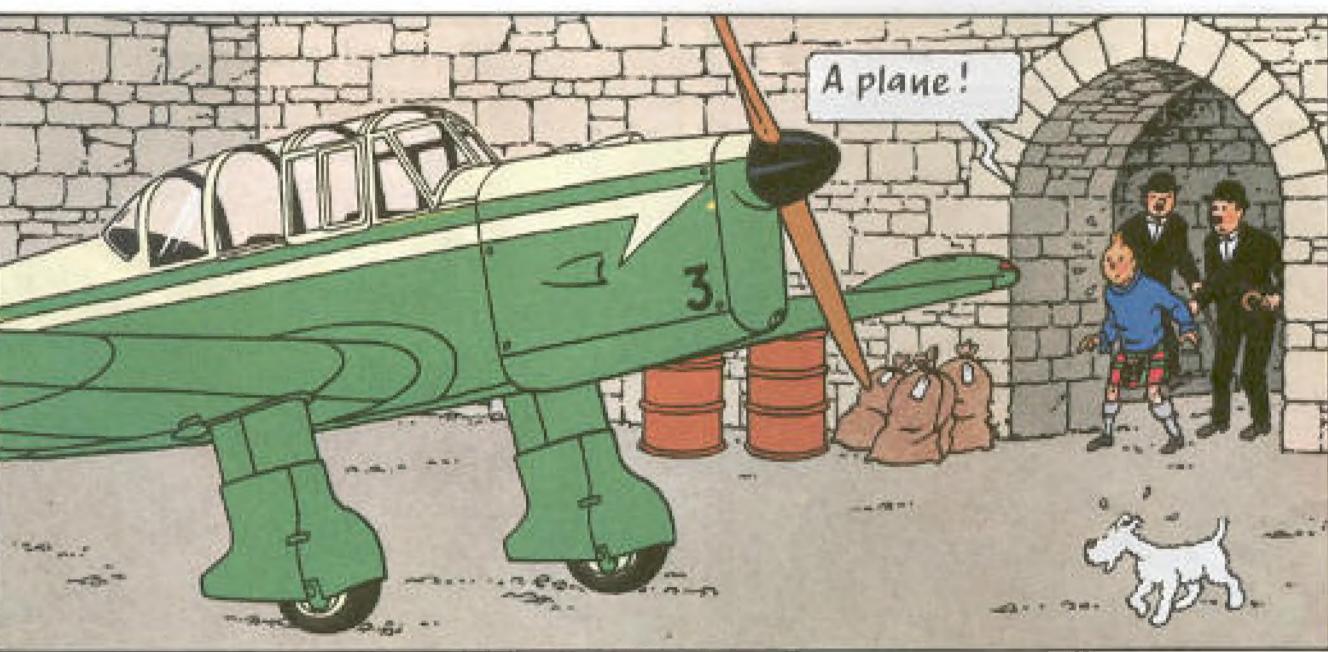












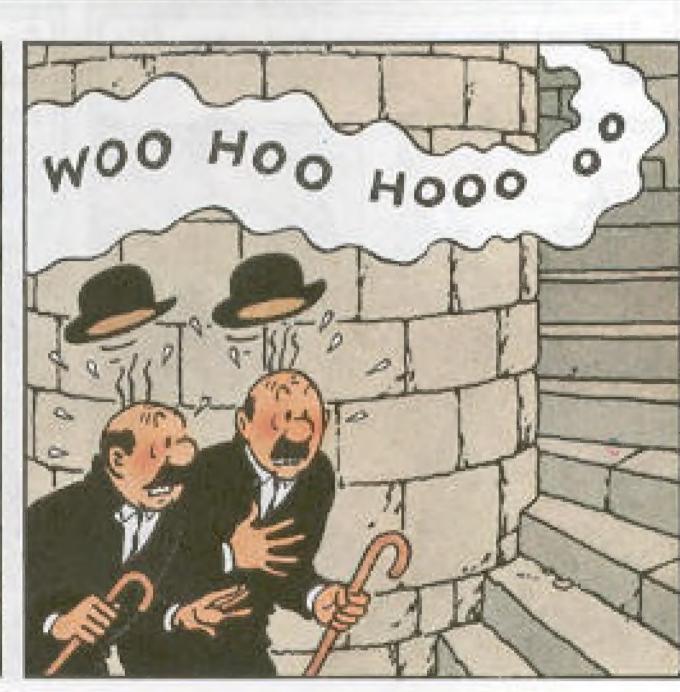








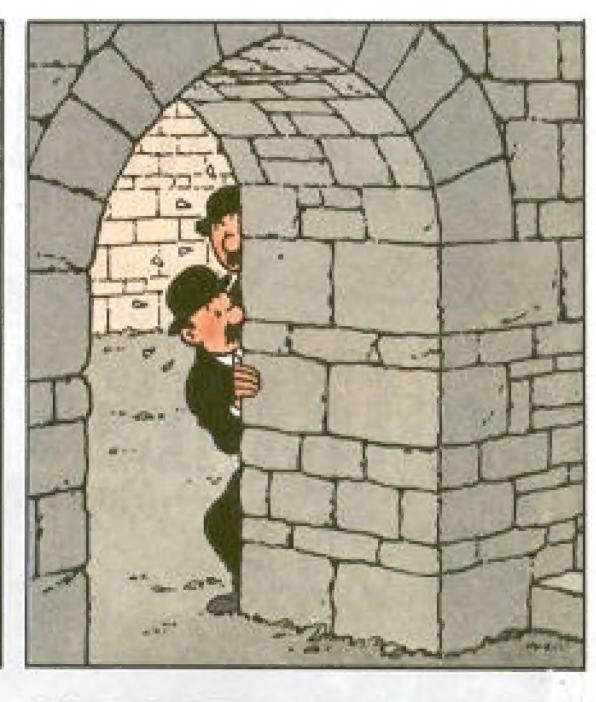








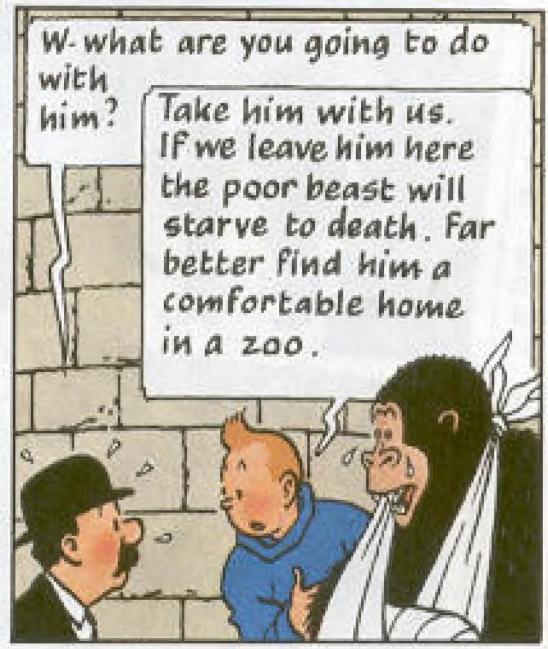




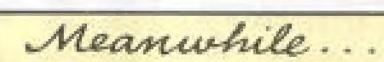






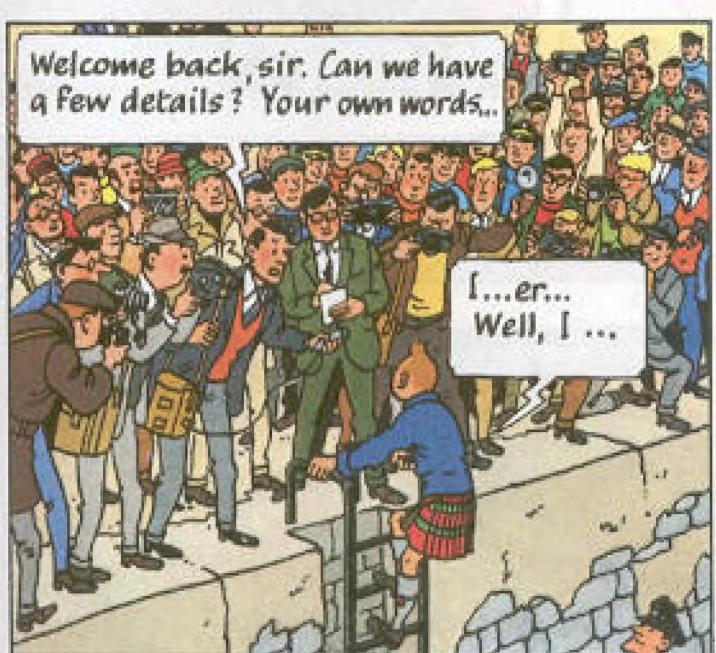






Aye, sirs, ye can pu'it in your newspapers that they blackguards'd nivver've been ta'en but fer me. A'says tae you wee laddie, a'says, "Awa' wi'ye. There's somethin'gey queer afoot on you Black Island," a'says. "And whit aboot you beast?" says he. "A muckle o'lies," a'says. "Ye'll nae be findin' a beast, nae mair than in this bar." That's whit a'tells him, and he's up and awa'.







## The Baily Reported

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Young Reporter Hero of Black Island Drama FORGERS FOUND ON MYSTERY ISLE

## Police Swoop onInternational

Gang exclusive pictures

FORGED notes so perfect even bank cashiers are fooled.

At Kiltoch, handcuffed gang leaders are escorted to waiting Black Maria.

A sea dash by police ended in five arrests. Seen with hero reporter Tintin and lion-hearted dog Snowy, from left, Constables E. McGregor, T. W. Stewart, B. Robertson, A. MacLeod.

Black Island 'Beast' Ranko says goodbye to rescuer Tintin in a Glasgow zoo. Once trained to kill intruders at gang hideout, the monster gorilla, injured in



